

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PRESIDING ELDERS AND THE JUNIOR PREACHERS.

BY REV. S. W. COGGESHALL, D. D.

At the session of the New England Conference held in Webster, Mass., June 4, 1874, Bishop Hedding presiding, I was examined for Deacon's orders by Dr. Fisk, Joseph A. Merrill and H. White—a board of examiners that would be very formidable now. There was then no Plan of Study, no Course of Reading, even recommended; no set of questions to be asked; and we did not know upon what we were to be examined, except theology. We were also taken, "one at a time," by the committee, and each one had to stand the whole force of the drill. At that time Dr. Fisk was the best scholar, J. A. Merrill was the best metaphysician, and H. White, perhaps, the best preacher in New England Methodism. I have never since seen such a board of examiners. But they were kindly.

The next day, the subject of ministerial education being up, Dr. Fisk formulated this statement: "The Presiding Elders are the professors in our great itinerant college." Wilbraham had then been open ten years; the Wesleyan University three years; thirteen years were to pass away before the school at Concord, N. H., should be started, and a whole generation was to pass away before it was to be removed to Boston, and fairly started on its career of efficient usefulness.

The common, off-hand utterances of really great men—great and original thinkers, unconsciously to themselves, sometimes are crystallized into formulas, never to die. So of this apparent casual utterance of Dr. Fisk. I shall never forget it; I seem now to see him, standing, as he did, in front of the altar, at the right hand of the Bishop. I was then a very young man of 23 only, and did not fully comprehend the import of his mighty and suggestive words. But forty years' itinerant experience, observation, and study have since opened to me their vast meaning. Indeed, the great educator did not fully understand them himself. He spoke wiser than he knew. At least, he did not, and neither could he fully understand their application. But fifty years had then passed away, since the organization of the Church in Baltimore in 1784; and the vast and comprehensive plans of the statesmanlike Asbury had but just begun to unfold themselves.

From the General Minutes before me, I learn that there are 1,408 "on trial" in our Conferences, while there are probably upwards of 1,000 more who are deacons of the first and second "class," and candidates for the elders' orders, making a theological school of at least 2,500 students. Five hundred and sixty recruits were added the past year—rather a less number than a few of the preceding years. But we plainly see that it will presently require a thousand annually to recruit our ranks. It is eighty-seven years since Cokesbury College was opened, and nearly three generations of laboring and suffering itinerants have passed away; and yet the first thing, except the Education Fund of \$100,000, which has just gone into operation. Whatever has been done, "has been done by individual enterprise and liberality, or by annual Conferences; and this, often, amid opposition, neglect, or indifference. The Universalists, with 27,709 members, assist 35 theological students from funds of their Convention, at a cost of \$6,000—upwards of \$170 to each, and which is more than our General Conference has yet done, backed up by nearly 1,500,000 members. As Dr. W. F. Warren said, not long since, with a terrible truthfulness, "we have not yet an institution in which Martin Luther or John Wesley could have been educated!" Men are the cheapest possible things with us.

In our academies and colleges, built and endowed with the money of our people, a candidate for the ministry, however promising, has to pay his own way, like any sinner. If he is able to do it, in any way, with help or otherwise, let him do it. If not, let him go down. And in our theological schools they are furnished with rooms and tuition; ought else. If they can go through, well and good; if not, let them fail, as hundreds have done, and must yet do.

But what has the General Conference done? It has merely "ordered" a course of study, extending through four years, and has also "ordered" committees to examine the candidates at the Conferences at the close of each year's course of study; ought more. It provides neither lectures nor instructors. If, while also performing the duties of pastor and preacher, and perhaps, also, competing with highly educated and well-trained men, the candidate is both able to find books and to find time for their study, and to fit himself for his examinations, perhaps on a salary of \$300 or \$500 a year, well and good. If not, "he must be dropped," or "put back on trial."

Now, as the mass of these men are not from our schools, and neither can be for a long time to come, if ever, but are still, as they have ever been, from the plough, the workshop, the counting-room, the ship and the fishing-boat, like some illustrious predecessors that we wot of, as well as, for very obvious reasons, from some of our poorest families, Dr. Fisk's statement comes in with a mighty force. The Presiding Elders must educate—must effectively assist these young men in their important studies, or they must ultimately fail, as I have seen multitudes do for the past forty years. The Pre-

siding Elders themselves must be men of learning and culture, in full sympathy with these young men, and able and willing to aid them; or many will fail, as in the past, and "the laborers" be too "few" for the mighty "harvest."

ORANGE SCOTT.

BY REV. A. D. SARGENT.

A mistake occurred in Dr. Lee's article on O. Scott and Bishop Hedding, published in a late ZION'S HERALD, which should be corrected, for the sake of both the men in question. The mistake was in indicating that the Bishop charged Brother Scott with immorality, which was not correct. The charges were, 1st, want of Christian sincerity; 2d, using Bishop Hedding and other Bishops in an unbrotherly and disrespectful manner, unbecoming a Methodist preacher; 3d, giving incorrect information, injurious to me, to his associates in the committee of the Lynn Convention.

Immorality made no part of the charges against Brother Scott. The Conference did not sustain either of the charges, but did sustain a specification under the second charge, which was, "frequently mentioning our (the Bishops') names, or otherwise referring to us in a coarse and disrespectful manner, and that since our settlement at Nantucket." Here was an inconsistent action on the part of the Conference. It will be seen by the charges, that crime was not in the bill, but only certain imprudences which, in the mind of the Bishop, ought to be corrected if possible. The article in question says, "the arraignment grew out of his (Scott's) anti-slavery views." Rather, it might have been said, it grew out of his great zeal in the anti-slavery cause, which led him to say things that he acknowledged to be wrong.

Bishop Hedding once said that Brother Scott was a very easy man to settle a difficulty with, for he would always acknowledge a wrong when made apparent. The difference between the two men on slavery was simply this: O. Scott took the ground that slavery was necessarily sin, under all possible circumstances. The Bishop's position was, that a man might hold the legal relation of master under certain circumstances without sin. The institution was regarded by both as wicked, the difference being in the details. As to which was right, and to what extent, the intelligent can judge for themselves; let bygones remain bygones. Both were good men, desiring to do the greatest possible good.

On the question of slavery there was a marked difference. One thought, the more severe the agitation, the better; the other, that the agitation would do no good, but harm. Here was the opportunity for the springing up of a fraternal relations. Slavery caused the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the attempt to divide the national union; and that attempt led to emancipation, and has led to the presentation and discussion of the Bill of Rights now before the Congress of the nation. Mr. Scott was a warm-hearted, energetic man, and a popular preacher of the gospel of God, our Saviour. Bishop Hedding was one of the fathers of the New England Conference, always true to the Church, and affectionate to his brethren. Peace to their memory. Heaven bless the Church with as good men in days to come.

TWO BIRDS WITH ONE SHOT.

I remember once, when quite young, going out with my gun to spend an hour in the "dim old forest aisles" hunting. It was Spring time, and the crows were especially troublesome to the farmers. The crow is a cunning bird, and quite difficult to kill. With care I had gained a good position for a shot at a single crow, sitting upon the limb of a tall hemlock, but beyond it sat another. By changing my place a little I could bring both birds in range, and so kill the "two with one shot." But I was discovered, and both crows flew away. By grasping after too much, I lost all success. This refusing to act because it does not promise all our ambitious longings hope for, meets oftentimes with merited loss. Many a young minister refuses a good and suitable field of labor, where abundant success awaits him, because in the range of his vision there is a chance to "kill two birds with one shot"—a larger field, better pay, and a higher reputation. But stepping beyond his depth, or tasking either intellectual or executive ability to meet current expectation, he speedily collapses; and losing all game, sinks really below deserving merit. The first chance in the order of providence, when taken, is a sure stepping stone to higher fortune.

There are also men of genius, who have such an over estimate of their ability that they cannot preach to small companies. They cannot waste their strength, nor "sweetness on the desert air." It is too much to ask them to "give a portion to seven and also to eight." They will not fire at a single crow. It would be a useless waste of powder. Instead of returning with the spoils of victory from their hunting excursions, they are empty handed. They aim at "killing two birds with one shot," but get nothing—not a single trophy for the Master. They "despise the day of small things," and however splendid their gifts or talents, God does not entrust them with the honor of success. Victory waits upon the banners of those who leave no outpost unsubdued; who condescend to the minute, as well as more important duties of life. If "unfaithful in that

which is least, who would entrust" with greater responsibilities?

So, many a Sabbath-school teacher refuses to instruct a small class, upon the plea that his or her time is too precious to waste upon so few, forgetting that this, perhaps, is just the opportunity for applying truth, as Nathan did to David, "Thou art the man;" and thus winning a soul to Christ. And so refusing to shoot "at a single crow," a precious opportunity is lost; and the privilege of adding a star to the crown on the Redeemer's brow, or a gem to his own crown of rejoicing, is gone forever. Do work in Christ's vineyard, however small the field. The Church oftentimes do the same foolish things, refusing to shoot unless we can kill two birds at once. We refuse the time for God's great enterprises, because we cannot give the dollar. We lose sight of our connection with the world's conquest, because we cannot do some great thing by which personal exaltation shall be achieved.

We refuse to bear testimony for Christ, in a single word, because we cannot make an eloquent speech, or utter "the most eloquent prayer ever offered to a Boston audience." The sublimest testimony I ever heard, or rather saw, was when a dumb man stood up, and held up his hand for Christ. Christ speaks to us in the simplest words; and true eloquence is the presentation of the great truths of revelation, in terms comprehensible by all, from the fervor of an experienced heart. Let us not neglect present opportunity for future and better chances; for then the present, and the future too, may both fail. Use the first opening promptly, and each succeeding one, as it comes; and so success will crown our efforts, and we shall hear from the Master, "well done." In attempting too much we may fail in all, and then a day's crown will be ours; and in the ray of Christ's wants He will find in us "nothing but leaves." Our doom will be terrible: "Let no fruit grow on thee henceforth;" and immediately the tree was withered—"dried up from the roots." M. D.

"CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP."

BY REV. L. D. WATSON, B. D.

Please to allow me to cast a ray of light upon the mind of Rev. James Roscoe Day. In his article in the last HERALD, he finds fault with the sentence, "this certifies that A has been an acceptable member;" he would make it read, "is accepted." Now, it is exactly correct as it stands in the book. The use of the present tense implies that the member stands clear, up to the time of writing the certificate, but not after that. Every grammarian knows that the present perfect tense comes up to any given present point of time. Bullion says, "the present perfect tense represents an action as finished at the present time;" and this is exactly the correct idea, for a person ceases to be a member as soon as he receives a letter. If the certificate should say, "is an acceptable member," this would imply that the person is a member after the certificate is given, which is not the case. While the person holds a certificate he is not a member of any Church, and no ecclesiastical authority on earth can arrest him, whatever his conduct may be. Mr. Day says, "as we understand the Discipline, they are amenable to the Church dismissing them until they unite elsewhere." This is not correct. They are not responsible to any Church while they hold the letter; but when they unite with another Church, that Church holds them responsible for their conduct from the time they received the letter. See last Discipline, Appendix, Sec. 6.

There is another error in the article. Mr. Day intimates that a person may be expelled after he has received a certificate. This is impossible. A person cannot be expelled from a Church when he is not a member. It is not true that "we have a system by which we may be a member of the Methodist Church and never answer to a single obligation—by which they may retain their membership, and openly practice sins and misdemeanors, as many boastfully do." I think, if Mr. Day reads this article thus far, he will see that the example to which he refers is not "a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church by certificate." He states that "they might complain to the Church from which he came," and properly replies, "but little good in that." Surely no good in that, for that Church has no control over him whatever.

Now, if we are asked What is the status of a person holding a certificate? we answer, he is a member potentially; that is to say, he has the privilege of joining the Church at any time without serving a probation. The only condition of becoming a member is to hand in his letter. It seems to me that our law is a little defective. The Church giving the letter ought to have power to arrest the person while holding the certificate, and there ought to be a time when the validity of a certificate should expire by limitation.

Rochester, N. Y., April 6, 1874.

THE MIDLAND SOUTH.

I write from a table-land, that is almost as little known to the readers of ZION'S HERALD as the great central table-land of Africa—East Tennessee. The South they know, and the Southwest, and the Southeast, and the Border; but the interior is to them a region unknown. Permit me through the HERALD, whose voice is heard here, but who hears no voice from us, to give a little information regarding this terra incognita.

East Tennessee is a vast basin, ex-

tending southwesterly in a diagonal direction from Virginia to Alabama and Georgia, and from the summits of the Alleghanies, which separate it from North Carolina, to the Cumberland Mountains. Its width between the bases of these mountains is about fifty-five miles in the upper part, and thirty-five at the lower end. This valley is traversed by many ridges, some of which rise almost to mountains, so that to cross it is rather an unpleasant work, while to pass through it lengthwise is easy. One railroad runs the entire length; but none has yet been able to reach its borders on either side, though several have made the attempt. The soil is mostly clay, a considerable part of which is red, producing good crops of wheat and corn and hay, but rather hard to till. The farmers, for the most part, cultivate moderate-sized farms, and were never large slave-owners.

During the war East Tennessee was the stronghold of southern Unionism, and now it is as strongly Republican as almost any portion of the North. The old Methodist Church has secured a firmer hold here among the whites than anywhere else south of Mason and Dixon's Line, except about Baltimore and Washington. The Holston Conference has about twenty-three and a half thousand members, of whom more than four-fifths are white inhabitants of East Tennessee. The only college that our Church has in the South, which has ever graduated a class, is located here—the East Tennessee Wesleyan University. But I may speak of that at another time.

Let us return to the physical condition of the country, to which I proposed confining this letter. East Tennessee abounds in two minerals, which are at the same time the roughest and the richest in the world—iron and coal. Both the Alleghany and the Cumberland mountains furnish iron in inexhaustible quantities, and the latter are equally rich in coal, the two being in such close proximity that ores can be smelted here more cheaply than in any other place in the world. Pig-iron is produced at the Rockwood Iron Works for \$15 per ton, or only three-fourths of a cent a pound. This fact being made known, has stimulated enterprise, so that immense tracts along the eastern declivity of the Cumberland have recently been purchased, and several furnaces are being built. A railroad, already located, and soon to be built from Cincinnati to Chattanooga and Knoxville, and passing directly through this iron region, will bring the products to a nearer market, and at much less expense; and then I am confident that the world will begin to know something of East Tennessee, and be astonished at the amount and cheapness of the iron it will send forth. In the extreme southeastern corner of the State are the Ducktown copper mines, of which I may sometime give you an account, as also of the sublime scenery passed in reaching them. Marble also is found in vast quantities, and of good quality.

The scenery is varied, nowhere monotonous; and all along the eastern border it is unexcelled in sublimity, the mountains rising in many cases to a great height. Safford, in his "Geology of Tennessee," gives the names of twenty-two peaks and knobs that exceed 6,000 feet, the highest being 6,660. The Cumberland Mountains, or rather plateau, rise at points to just about half the above height, the highest peak being 3,370 feet. The celebrated Look-out Mountain, one of the outlying ridges of this plateau, is at its northern extremity, near Chattanooga, where the battle above the clouds was fought, 2,154 feet above the sea. The whole of East Tennessee (with the exception of a very small tract in the southeast, whose waters flow into Georgia) is drained by the Tennessee River and its tributaries—the Holston (which is really the Upper Tennessee) and the Clinch coming in from Virginia, the French Broad and Little Tennessee and Hiwassee from North Carolina, though the latter rises in Georgia.

There are but two towns that can lay claim to the title of cities—Knoxville in the central part, and Chattanooga in the extreme south. Each of these has a population of from 10,000 to 12,000, and both are growing rapidly. Besides these, the largest towns have a population ranging from 1,000 to 1,500, all lying along the railroad. They are Bristol (partly in Virginia and partly in Tennessee), Jonesboro', Greenville (the home of Andrew Johnson), and Morristown, above Knoxville; and Athens and Cleveland below.

Last, but not least, the climate of East Tennessee. This is proverbially healthful and invigorating and pleasant. Don't understand by this that the people never die nor are sick, or that it is never too warm nor too cold. All these ills, and every other to which flesh is heir, have been entailed upon us as well as on others, but we think, in somewhat less measure. Let me give some statistics. I have before me a summary of the "weather report" for 1873, just made by Prof. Payne, of the East Tennessee University.

The mean of temperature for the entire year, was at 6 o'clock A. M., 50.8 deg.; at 2 P. M., 63.9 deg.; at 9 P. M., 54.8 deg.; and the mean of these, as will be seen, is 56.6 deg.—the average height of the thermometer for the year. This is just about the average, which, as given by Prof. Safford, is 57 deg. But let me be a little more particular, and give the mean for each month: January, 34.3; February, 41.2; March, 44.2; April, 56.8; May, 68.9; June, 74.3; July, 76.2; August, 75.3; September, 68.6; October, 58.1; November 44.5; December, 42.2. The

highest point reached by the mercury was 92 deg., and the lowest 6 deg., the range being but 86 deg., which is much less than in any part of the North. The prevailing winds are from the southwest, which makes them somewhat damp.

The temperature for the present winter has been unusually mild. Up to the present date the thermometer has not fallen lower than 14 deg. above zero; and it has not fallen below 25 deg. more than ten times this winter. A jasmine bush has been in blossom in the garden of a neighbor ever since about the first of January, and now other flowers are coming out. Frogs have been peeping occasionally for the past three or four weeks. Plowing has been not suspended more than a few days at a time, and then rather from wet than from cold. Snow has covered the ground about twice, and then for only a day or two. A Bostonian, who has just left my house, and of whom I shall say more at another time, says the weather reminds him of a New England April. I have seen Aprils in New England, and I might even say May, that were less mild and pleasant than any month this winter. So much for our physical geography; next time our orthography.

Athens, Tenn., Feb. 6, 1874.

SOUTH KANSAS CONFERENCE.

This Conference met for its first session at Fort Scott, in the southeast corner of the State, Bishop Andrews presiding. The General Conference last year divided the Kansas Conference into two Conferences. The south half is not so large as the north, in point of numbers. There are four districts, and about eighty appointments. The country is much of it undeveloped, and the struggling people are working in struggling Churches, aided by struggling pastors. But all of this hard work will meet its reward.

There is steady improvement in all parts. The aggregate of income the past year has been 1,424 probations, and 1,712 members. Surprising work was reported in many of the circuits and stations.

In Kansas, Methodism has to compete with other denominations more sharply than in the western States settled before the railroads were built. Towns that invite the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and other sects, spring up almost in a day, and while the itinerancy meets, as in other States, the wants of country districts, the settled ministry of other denominations, in these large towns, can equal us in the noble strife for souls. We welcome them. The principal thing is to get men to be Christians. It is to the praise of Jesus that denominational lines here are not closely drawn. If the western men are more active and earnest than eastern men, no doubt they are also more catholic. The work is broadening. Rev. J. McQuiston reported on his district an increase of nine circuits. Other districts enlarged their borders.

One important feature of Conference work, that has much to do with the future of the cause in the West, was the action taken regarding Baker University. The four teachers, President S. S. Weatherby, Professor W. H. Lunt, M. V. B. Knox, and Mrs. N. H. Knox, have stood for a year in the breach between the utter failure of the college and its preservation. A commission to examine into the legal status, location, and other questions relating to the University, was appointed at the Conference last year, and through their sub-committee, Rev. S. P. Jacobs and Hon. A. H. Foote, reported this year. Their report, which found many mistakes but no intended fraud in the past operations of the college, had good influence with the Conference, and coupled with the sacrifice and devotion of the Faculty, served to bring expressions of confidence and assistance from all. The college year has been one of the most successful of the institution, and the prospects for the future are very much brighter. The advice and wisdom of Dr. E. O. Haven, when in the State last summer, has aided much to bring about this grand result. The Faculty will continue to act as agents, and canvass the state for students and money. Now, if the North Conference will take as noble a stand as the South, the success of Baker University seems fully assured.

Thirteen men were ordained deacons, and two elders. Four were received on trial. The Bishop's advice to the candidates for ordination was rich. He was marked by deep spirituality, both in his address to those, and in his sermon Sunday morning. This was an interesting exposition of the parable of the talents. He found a warm place in the hearts of the earnest and spiritual workers in the South Kansas Conference. Deep experience marks the lives, words, and labors of this band of devoted men. The love-feast Sunday morning furnished many testimonies of very earnest experience, numbers admitting that the blood of Christ cleansed from all sin.

Not many changes were made in the appointments. Rev. J. McQuiston retired from the Wichita District, and Rev. Allen Buckner took his place. Rev. S. Hoiman, late of the Vermont Conference, remains at Independence. Rev. C. R. Pomeroy was transferred from the Upper Iowa Conference, and appointed Principal of the State Normal School at Emporia.

You can never catch the word that has once gone through your lips. Once spoken, it is out of your reach; try you best, you can never recall it. Therefore, take care what you say. Never speak an unkind, or profane word.

BAXTER AND JUDGE JEFFRIES.

Maeaulay says: "When the trial came on, a crowd of those who loved and honored Baxter filled the court. Two Whig barristers of great note, Pollexfen and Wallop, appeared for the defendant. Pollexfen had scarce begun his address to the jury, when the Chief Justice broke forth: 'Pollexfen, I know you well. I will set a mark upon you. You are the patron of the faction. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the liturgy. He would have nothing but long-winded cant without book;' and then his lordship turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began to sing through his nose, in imitation of what he supposed to be Baxter's style of praying: 'Lord, we are Thy people, Thy peculiar people, Thy dear people.' Pollexfen gently reminded the Court that his late Majesty had thought Baxter worthy of a bishopric. 'And what allied the old blockhead, then,' cried Jeffries, 'that he did not take it?' His fury now rose to madness. He called Baxter a dog, and swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the whole city. Baxter himself attempted to put in a word, but the Chief Justice drowned all expostulation in a torrent of ribaldry and invective, mingled with scraps of Hudibras. 'My Lord,' said the old man, 'I have been much blamed by Dissenters for speaking respectfully of Bishops.' 'Baxter for Bishops!' cried the Judge. 'That's a merry conceit, indeed. I know what you mean by Bishops—rascals, like yourself; Kidderminster Bishops; factious, sniveling Presbyterians.' Again Baxter essayed to speak, and again Jeffries bellowed, 'Richard! Richard! dost thou think we will let thee poison the Court? Richard! thou art an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. By the grace of God I'll look after thee. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will befall their mighty Don. But, by the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all.' The noise of weeping was heard from some of those who surrounded Baxter. 'Sniveling calves!' said the Judge."

BE ALWAYS WITH ME.

BY L. C. TELLOCK.

O Lord, when pleasures strew my way,
And all around is bright and gay,
Be Thou my Guide,
That from the straight and narrow way,
In vain pursuits, I never may
My steps divide.

And O, when troubles o'er me roll,
And worldly cares oppress my soul,
Still be Thou near,
To guard, to comfort, and sustain,
To make the tangled pathway plain,
To calm each fear.

And when my time to die shall come,
And all my days on earth are done,
Reach me Thy hand,
And lead me to that shining shore,
Where, with the just who've gone before,
I, too, may stand.

The effort of the present temperance reformation, the *Christian Weekly* says, is indicated by the fact that the wholesale trade in beer from Cincinnati has fallen off 600 kegs daily, and the brewers are holding secret meetings to resist its further progress. Up to February 18, 116 liquor-stores and 22 drug-stores, where liquor was sold as a beverage, have been closed; and in nine towns in Ohio and Indiana not a liquor-saloon is left open. In the city of Philadelphia leading clergymen of various denominations have united in announcing a series of meetings for the purpose of waking up that spirit of faith and self-sacrifice which is the precursor of a genuine temperance revival, and the secret of its power.

The longer a believer hath neglected prayer, the harder he finds it to pray; partly through shame, for the soul, having played the truant, knows not how to look God in the face; and partly through the difficulty of the work, which is doubly hard to what another finds who walks in the exercise of His graces. It requires more time and pains for him to tune his instrument, when all is out of order, than for another to play the lesson.

Our Book Table.

The Harpers have published, in a very attractive form, profusely illustrated, the personal narrative of travels and adventures in the East, by Frank Vincent, Jr. The descriptive title of the work suggests the scene of the incidents recorded—THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT; Sights and Scenes in Southeastern Asia, Embracing the Countries of Burma, Siam, Cambodia and Cochinchina (1871-'72). The volume is just what it purports to be. It recounts largely personal observations and experiences. It is not made up of extended historical sketches, or ethnological and theological discussions suggested by the various peoples of these different kingdoms, with their oriental facilities; but the writer, having peculiar facilities, and making a somewhat deliberate tour through them, notes, in quite a vivid way, what he saw himself, and gathered in conversation, during this very agreeable trip. This makes the work all the more interesting to general readers. The numerous illustrations and the maps add both to the attractions and also to the substantial value of the book. We heartily commend it to our young readers, as both more interesting and incalculably more profitable than the volumes of stories that constantly solicit their time and interest.

We have received through Nichols & Hall, from Sheldon & Co., a work of fiction, written for an object, and embodying an argument. It is entitled, FETTERED FOR LIFE, or, Lord and Master. A Story of To-day. It is written by one of the leaders of the Ladies' Suffrage Movement in New York city—Lillie Devereux Blake—who uses with equal facility her tongue and her pen in the work which she has espoused with so much enthusiasm. In this story, which, records the actual experiences and difficulties in a city like New York, of many women doubtless—as one woman gathering them all into her history—which a virtuous young woman has, to provide, by honest industry, for herself. The inequalities in social judgment to which a woman is exposed, as compared with the other sex, is also very dramatically set forth in this volume. The book is born of the times, and expresses the unrest of an increasing class of women in view of the present administration of civil law. In their exclusion from civil government, and on account of the unequal social tests by which they are judged.

PLEASANT TALK ABOUT FRUITS, FLOWERS AND FARMING. By Henry Ward Beecher. New Edition, with Additional Matter. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. This forms the fifth of the uniform and convenient series of Mr. Beecher's works, now going through the press of his publishers. It is one of his best and most characteristic books. It will surprise many by the elaborateness with which it discusses agricultural and horticultural topics. It was written as the gathered harvest of very wide reading, or the result of personal observation and experiment. An intense lover of nature, an amateur farmer, a voracious reader of works upon natural science, and a universal genius, a volume upon the farm and garden from his pen is a treasure to the practical man of the fields, and to the man of taste who cultivates his grounds in his study.

The Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, Charles L. Felt, Esq., sends out his usual octavo annual, comparing well, both in volume and value, with those of the State Boards of Charities and of Education. The present, which is the twenty-first of the series, has for its frontispiece an excellent portrait of the late Prof. Agassiz, who was a member of the Board from 1864 until the date of his death. This volume contains a very valuable article, written at a public meeting held by the Board in Fitchburg last December, upon the structure and growth of domestic animals. At this meeting, the reports of which fill a large portion of the volume, almost every vital interest of modern agriculture was discussed, and the results of the latest investigations and experiments developed. The volume also gives the excellent lectures delivered before county societies. Altogether it makes an interesting miscellany for the general reader interested in the farm, garden, or in stock, and is an invaluable treasure for the practical farmer.

Many readers have impatiently awaited the weekly issues of the *Hearth and Home* while Rebecca Harding Davis' story of "John Andross" has been running through its columns. It is a powerful fiction, like the previous efforts of its authoress—a story of modern times—of rings in business and in legislation; a tale of many honor and honesty and love, tragedy by the very best. The story is now published by the Orange Juice Company, in the form of a handsome duodecimo, with many illustrations.

We have not been inclined to look so impatiently as have some of our official press upon the latest story of Dr. Eggleston. As the work was severely criticized, we followed the chapters of the "Circuit Rider," as they were published in *The Christian Union*. We found the interest of the story sustained to the last, and noticed some remarkable vividness, the modes and manners of a singular period in the history of our Western wilds, and of the ministers and men of that day. J. B. Ford & Co. have now published the volume in handsome form. It is fully illustrated, and, like its predecessors from the same pen, will doubtless command the attention of a very wide audience.

Rev. John F. Loyd has written, and Hitchcock & Walden have published, a discourse on the last, and, as a Reviewer, the Teaching of the Scriptures on the Use of Fermented Drinks, with Supplement giving Statistics of the Liquor Traffic. It is an excellent tract for the times. For ourselves, we have never set a great estimate upon this nice distinction between the two classes of wine referred to in the Bible, and have been inclined to argue abstinence upon the grounds of Christian expediency. But many are impressed with this form of the argument, and will find it fully presented in this handy and able pamphlet.

Robert Carter publishes from THE FLOW TO THE PULPIT. It is an interesting and instructive record of the many and successful efforts of Rev. John Spaulding to prepare himself, amid heavy burdens, and without the aid of others, for the work of the ministry, securing a good academic and professional training. It is an excellent book for young students, especially those struggling with the pressure of poverty.

Our young readers have another excellent volume added to their library by Mrs. C. H. Laing. It is entitled THE HEROES OF THE SEVEN HILLS. The authoress has already written a similar work, called "The Seven Kings of the Seven Hills." This volume continues the story of the Early History of Rome, bringing out the record of some of her noblest and bravest men in the early times. It is a wholesome, and not a harmful volume. The boys will take to it as ducks do to water, and with equal benefit, if properly encouraged. The volume is from the press of Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, and is for sale by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

Hitchcock & Walden have issued a new and cheap edition of Philip Phillips' HOLLOW SONGS, with and without the music. Examine it at J. P. Magee's.

NEW MUSIC. Published by O. Dison & Co.: "Spring, Spring, Gentle Spring," arranged for piano, by A. E. Warren; "The Angel at the Window," song, music by Berthold Tours; "The Night of a Thousand Eyes," words by F. W. Bondillon, music by F. Boof; "Market Day," ballad, music by Vivian; "Thou Gav'st Me a Flower," song by Cuo Piusini; "In Shadow-land," song, music by Cuo Piusini; "Come unto Me," by Lindsay; "No Fooling," words and music by Tryan U. Dodge; "Le Zéphyr," morceau elegant, by Harmon; "Les Belles (solemnly, mournfully)," song, music by E. J. Finck; "Autumn Leaves are Falling," song, music by Ed. Christie, words by George Cooper; "Gilding Over the Lake," song, words by George Cooper, music by Charles Pratt; "Our Spirit Friends," words by A. Hayden, music by W. A. Ogden. It was a Dream? song, by Fred Brown; "The Shepherd Boy," arranged for four hands, by G. D. Wilson.

The Christian World.
MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.
REV. R. W. ALLEN, EDITOR.
"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—NUM. XIV. 21.
CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.—Twenty-three European, and ten American missionary societies are now laboring in India. The progress of Christianity in that country for a few years past, and its prospective triumphs, will be seen in the following statements:—
"It appears that the increase of Protestant Christians in the whole of India, during the last ten years, has been from 138,731 to 221,161, or 85,430, which is at the rate of 61 per cent. Considering the several provinces, we find that the increase in Bengal has been more than 100 per cent., while the communications have increased nearly 200 per cent. In the Northwestern Provinces the Christian community has nearly doubled; in Oudh, it has increased at the rate of 175 per cent.; in the Punjab, 64 per cent.; in Central India, nearly 400 per cent.; and in Bombay, 64 per cent. The greatest aggregate increase in all India has been in the Madras Presidency, where there are 160,955 Christians, in contrast with 110,078 ten years ago. In Burma, the Christian community has continued almost stationary; the numbers being 59,366 in 1861, and 62,729 in 1871.
"The rate of increase of native Christians from 1850 to 1861 was about 53 per cent. A comparison of this rate with that between 1861 and 1871 shows an increasing rate of augmentation. On the supposition that a uniform rate of increase of 61 per cent. should continue until the year 1901, the number of Christians at that date would amount to nearly a million. Fifty years later, it would be upwards of eleven millions, and fifty years later still, or in A. D. 2001, it would amount to 138,000,000. It is, however, needless to state, that such calculations hardly come within the bounds of sobriety. Unforeseen obstacles might intervene, on the one hand; while, on the other, a sudden and general movement of the people in favor of Christianity might at any time take place."
ROMANISM AT ITS OLD WORK.—The following items have been sent to the Mission Rooms:—
"CITY OF MEXICO, via HAVANA, March 10.—A fearful outrage was perpetrated by a mob at Ahualulco, in the State of Jalisco, last Sunday. In the morning a priest delivered an incendiary sermon, in the course of which he advocated the extermination of the Protestants. This so excited his hearers that a mob gathered in the evening, and proceeded to the house of Rev. John Storr, a Congregational minister, sent out by the Boston Board of Foreign Missions. With cries of 'long live the priests,' they broke into the house, and, seizing the clergyman, smashed his head to a jelly, and chopped his body to pieces. They afterward sacked the house and carried off everything of value.
"After much delay the riot was suppressed by the local authorities. The government has sent a detachment of troops to the place. A rigid investigation has been set on foot, and orders have been issued for the arrest of all priests in Ahualulco and the neighboring town of Teshitan.
"We learn from the *Alta California*, that Rev. John L. Stephens, a graduate of the Pacific Theological Seminary, and missionary to Guadalajara, Mexico, was assassinated in Acapulco on March 2, and his body horribly mutilated."
ITALY.—Superintendent Vernon says:—
"Our cause has encountered malignant and persistent opposition; our faith and practice have been most scurrilously libeled; our meetings have been violently disturbed, our laborers repeatedly stoned, and we have been ejected from our homes for our faith's sake. But, despite it all, God has led us forward with ever-increasing success and hope. And now in ten different places in Italy the Methodist Episcopal Church is preaching the gospel of Christ, and has besides two colporteurs abroad in the high-ways and market-places, like forerunners in the wilderness, disseminating the long-prohibited word of life, and heralding the coming kingdom."
REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR MOVING ON THE ENEMIES' WORKS.—He writes from Madras, India:—
"We shall have a grand work in Madras. Over twenty saved the first week, and a great awakening among the people. Many Hindus are attending my services. Brother Fox organized a Methodist Episcopal Church in Karachee, the port of entry to 'Scinde,' that vast country west of the Indus. We sent a Church of fifty converted soldiers from Poonah to Karachee by transfer of Fifty-sixth Regiment. Brother Fox went and organized the Church. He was absent three weeks. Brother Seale, a local preacher, has gone to push the battle."
"WHAT HAS GOD WROUGHT?—For twenty-five years Judson seemed to labor in Burma in vain. During this time but few of the heathen had been converted, and the Buddhists looked upon the missionary movement with contempt. The change in the scene is thus admirably described in the *Illustrated Missionary News*:—
"Then God raised up a chosen instrument, and began a mighty work. A Karen slave, a rude, stupid, uneducated man, of ungovernable passions, which had stained him with the blood

of more than thirty murders, received the truth, and forthwith began to proclaim it to his despised and down-trodden nation, the Karens. These seemed a people prepared by the Lord, and had long waited for 'white teachers from the West, with the book of God in their hands.' Kothaby and Boardman, and afterwards Judson, went amongst them, preaching Jesus. Thousands of Karens were converted, and became, in spite of Burman persecution, consistent Christians. Then, in the providence of God, war broke out, and resulted in the annexation of Southern Burma to our empire. Hither the persecuted Karens flock, and put themselves under British protection and Christian instruction. 'Where are the teachers?' is their great cry. Missions and missionaries multiply; hundreds are converted and baptized; native pastors are raised up by God in large numbers; and schools for training such are established by the native Churches. The Karen nation has already yielded its hundred thousand willing learners; and the only limit to the ingathering seems to be the want of men to overtake the work. One of their own evangelists says, 'the records of every month are enough to awaken songs of praise to the God of missions in the bosom of the most slumbering Church.' Already, too, this Karen Church is a missionary Church; and, rich as it is in native preachers, there is every reason to hope that from it will come evangelists for Burma, for India, for China, and the Eastern Archipelago."
QUESTIONS.—Do you pray every day for the conversion of the heathen? Do you give liberally for the missionary cause? Do you read missionary intelligence? Do you attend the monthly missionary concert?
TEMPERANCE.
THE DEACON'S FALL AND REFORMATION.
In the early history of the total abstinence reformation there lived a good deacon in the writer's native town, who, like many of those times, could not be persuaded to believe that obligation to society, or his duty as a Christian, demanded the signature to a total abstinence pledge on his part. It might be well for persons in danger of becoming temperate; but there was no necessity in his case. He was, of course, a temperance man; but having been trained by a good father, who considered it a duty incumbent upon himself and all others sustaining such a relationship, to make ample provisions for the comfort of their families and guests, even to a full stock of nice home-made cider, and thus give relish to social enjoyment, the son was satisfied to follow in the footsteps of his respected sire, of whose good sense and piety he could entertain no doubt. In vain were arguments adduced to secure his name and hearty co-operation, even when his children and dearest friends were among the leaders in the new movement. He rejoiced to see some good accomplished. That intertemperance men were rescued, he did not doubt. And he had reason to believe that the only rule for them was the rule they wished to have him adopt. Time passed on, and with its passing days and years the deacon continued the use of his cider, which, on some special occasions, was not in its simple state, resulting from fermentation, but was prepared by boiling down so thoroughly that four gallons would be reduced to one. Not aware of the fact that the habit of being sick was growing upon him, and that something stronger than boiled cider was demanded to meet the craving in his nature, he was suddenly aroused by a most unsavory and disgraceful occurrence.
Taking an early start for the nearest city market, with the usual multitude of duties of a country farmer ten miles away from town, he felt really sick. No one who knew him as intimately as my own family, ever questioned the truthfulness of his statement in this regard. He was sick, and needed medical aid. It was not convenient to have a consultation with his family physician that morning, and hence he attempted to manage the case himself. Perhaps under the circumstances his physician, after a deliberate diagnosis of the case, would have prescribed the same remedy. It must be remembered that the doctors of the past generation were slow in giving up their notions in regard to the imperative demand for depletion and the use of alcoholic stimulants as remedial agents. Our good friend decided to stop at a liquor shop and take a moderate drink of good French brandy. Not being habitually accustomed to the use of strong liquors, it had a wonderful effect upon him. He succeeded in mounting the seat of his wagon; but up there his head appeared to throw the 'center of gravity without the base,' and as the attraction of gravitation tends toward the center of the earth, his head was inclined in that direction. All his powers of will and self-respect were unavailing; and but a short time elapsed before the Church dignitary was shocked (?) and bruised by the embrace of another earth.
The effects of the fall were not physically serious. Some acquaintances aided him in gathering up his effects and regaining his wagon, much to his chagrin. When he was fully restored to sobriety, his disgraceful conduct weighed heavily upon his spirit—not merely, or chiefly, because he considered a life-long dishonor to his family, but the Church of Christ, which he really loved more than his own life, had been reproached. He could not forgive himself. Had he reason to expect the community, and especially the

Church to forgive him? Although not of his 'faith and order,' a man who had his confidence was consulted—not exclusively in consideration of the fact that they were personal friends, but because he occupied a prominent place in the community as a highly respectable citizen.
It was affecting to see that man, past middle life, who had been wont to hold up his head in society, taking an active interest in the social, educational and religious interests of the times, as he approached his neighbor with down-cast look and tearful eye, teachable, and subdued. The great question was, 'how can I make reparation? I am ready for the pledge; I am willing to do anything.' True to his word, he made a clean breast of the matter; the Church forgave him; the community expressed their regrets and assured him of their sympathy and confidence. Thus his valuable services were secured to the temperance cause, and retained in the Church. Years of increasing devotion passed away, and the redeemed man departed this life as the good man only dies. J. P. S.
Commercial.
BOSTON MARKET.
WHEAT.—Superior, \$2.50 @ 2.60; extra, \$2.60 @ 2.70; No. 1, \$2.70 @ 2.80; No. 2, \$2.80 @ 2.90; No. 3, \$2.90 @ 3.00; No. 4, \$3.00 @ 3.10; No. 5, \$3.10 @ 3.20; No. 6, \$3.20 @ 3.30; No. 7, \$3.30 @ 3.40; No. 8, \$3.40 @ 3.50; No. 9, \$3.50 @ 3.60; No. 10, \$3.60 @ 3.70; No. 11, \$3.70 @ 3.80; No. 12, \$3.80 @ 3.90; No. 13, \$3.90 @ 4.00; No. 14, \$4.00 @ 4.10; No. 15, \$4.10 @ 4.20; No. 16, \$4.20 @ 4.30; No. 17, \$4.30 @ 4.40; No. 18, \$4.40 @ 4.50; No. 19, \$4.50 @ 4.60; No. 20, \$4.60 @ 4.70; No. 21, \$4.70 @ 4.80; No. 22, \$4.80 @ 4.90; No. 23, \$4.90 @ 5.00; No. 24, \$5.00 @ 5.10; No. 25, \$5.10 @ 5.20; No. 26, \$5.20 @ 5.30; No. 27, \$5.30 @ 5.40; No. 28, \$5.40 @ 5.50; No. 29, \$5.50 @ 5.60; No. 30, \$5.60 @ 5.70; No. 31, \$5.70 @ 5.80; No. 32, \$5.80 @ 5.90; No. 33, \$5.90 @ 6.00; No. 34, \$6.00 @ 6.10; No. 35, \$6.10 @ 6.20; No. 36, \$6.20 @ 6.30; No. 37, \$6.30 @ 6.40; No. 38, \$6.40 @ 6.50; No. 39, \$6.50 @ 6.60; No. 40, \$6.60 @ 6.70; No. 41, \$6.70 @ 6.80; No. 42, \$6.80 @ 6.90; 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HERALD CALENDAR.

Norwich District Ministerial Association, June 1-6
at East Greenwich.
New Bedford District Conference, at Fair-
haven, Mass., June 8-10
Rockland District Ministerial Association,
at Portland, Me., June 23-25

CONFERENCE CALENDAR.
CONVENCE PLACE. TIME. BISHOP.
N. Hamp., Manchester, April 22, Peck.
Vermont, Danville, May 5, Simpson.
Maine, Hallowell, May 6, Simpson.
E. Maine, Belfast, May 6, Jones.

ZION'S
HERALD.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1874.

CHRISTIAN CHILDHOOD.

Quite an unexpected interest was awakened by an editorial some weeks since upon Christian Nurture. Rev. T. A. Goodwin has already been heard upon it, and in our paper this week we print an article from the pen of Rev. C. E. Cline. Both of these writers take positions that the body of the Church is likely to look upon as extreme. There is, however, no difference between them and the standards of the Church in theory. The difficulty arises in affirming, as a fact, what is simply a correct *a priori* inference from admitted premises, without considering certain very important modifying incidents of almost universal occurrence. At a Sunday-school anniversary which we well recollect, Rev. E. T. Taylor, the Seaman's Apostle, astonished the audience by commencing his speech with the remark that Sunday-schools ought never to have been established. He asserted that God never intended to have such institutions; that the work of instructing childhood in the nurture of the Lord should be done by parents; that men and women had no right or business to marry unless they were able to give proper religious care and instruction to their children. Having created no small sensation in his audience by his onslaught upon these very popular institutions, he brought his hearers all round again into a happy harmony with himself, and into a great enjoyment of his succeeding remarks, by adding that, as improper persons in large numbers would get married, and did not take proper religious care of their children, God had permitted this institution, in his merciful Providence, to take, in behalf of these unfortunate little ones, in part, a parent's place and duties.

So we reply to these earnest brethren, who insist upon it that Christian nurture, in every instance, should proceed upon the presumption that children are the actual subjects of regenerating grace, certainly, indeed, it should be so if everything around them were what it ought to be. We once listened to a very interesting and ingenious defense of the baptismal regeneration taught in the Book of Common Prayer, of the English Episcopal Church. It (the Prayer-Book) supposes, said this eminent clergyman, that the administrator, the parents, the sponsors, and the whole congregation, at the time of the administration of the sacrament, are really offering from their hearts the prayer of faith for the renewal of the affections of the infant, and that, from that moment, every one of the parties in interest will heartily perform all his incident duties in behalf of this child. If this were the case there would be little doubt of the spiritual work of the Holy Ghost, or the continued development and growth of holy tempers in the soul of the child, thus embosomed in the nurturing faith of a Christian home and sanctuary. But is it probable that one such instance ever occurred upon the earth?

If we could place the new infant under perfectly Christian influences from the first; if the parents were holy, and earnestly devoted to their very responsible task of training a young immortal for the skies; if the atmosphere of the home were constantly heavenly; if every wrong appetite and passion were at once kindly corrected; and every true desire encouraged; if from the earliest consciousness the touching truths of the Gospel of an infant Saviour were whispered to the listening ear of the child, and his eyes as soon as they turned from the mother's smile were directed to the face of the loving Lord Jesus; if his years of childhood were defended from the poisonous air of the streets and the fearful example of vicious companions, or adequate antidotes were constantly provided—we can readily believe such a child would never be conscious of any new birth of the Holy Spirit, but would be sanctified from its infancy; and although exposed to continued temptations, would overcome them all, and daily grow in grace and favor with God and man. Adequate provision has been made in the divine plan of redemption for all this. Every infant is included in the mediation and interposition of the Lord Jesus Christ. All the grace and wisdom requisite to bring up a child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord can be secured by the prayer that is without ceasing. But, as a matter of fact, it must be sadly confessed that such a Christian home, although a few approach it, is one of the rarest of earthly scenes. Who ever saw or heard of one that would meet all these requirements? Where are the parents, or the Churches, that have begun to estimate their responsibility, or to discharge their duties properly to redeemed infancy?

We must, at least, in the present very defective condition of the Church, from the spiritual necessities of the child after it has reached the age of

even a few years, (made apparent by any kind approach to its self-consciousness), lead the little one, through the gate of penitence and personal trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, into the peace of a disciple, and the spiritual power to overcome temptation. The Holy Spirit, always clinging to the young heart, graciously works with the little penitent, and draws its trust towards a ready and loving Saviour. There will be, in such instances, a definite moment of yielding to the inclinations of the divine Guest, and a sweet sense following of being a child of God.

What we have insisted upon is, that the work should not be permitted to stop at this point, as is usually the case, to be repeated over and over again without progress, really hindering and prejudicing the young affections against all spiritual truths. We urge that Christian parents and teachers, the moment they awaken to their responsibilities, should not permit their anxiety or zeal to abate until they have established these young Christians in the divine life. They should lead them out into their proper work in the Master's vineyard, small though it be, and give particular heed to the formation of positive religious habits and the faithful discharge of daily duties. They are to be trained for the great work before them. All the charities of life, the care of the poor, visitation of the sick, thoughtfulness for those falling into temptations, and sympathy for the benighted of earth, are to be constantly and wisely impressed upon the tender sensibilities of the little disciple. It is a great work, and full of delicacy and difficulty; but think of a successful result! The artist chisels for years over a marble block. No outlay of time, care, labor, or study is considered too great for the end proposed. It becomes a wonder of art; but it cannot speak, and it is but dust; fire can burn it, and a violent blow deface it, and time will ultimately be its conqueror and triumph over its crumbling atoms. The hand that moulds a human soul, guided by a heavenly inspiration, presents to men and angels an immortal work. No human mind can estimate all that is involved in such a service, or the glory that will ultimately crown it in the heavens.

OLD PATHS.

Herbert Spencer, in a recent article on Sociology, reaches the question of substituting human theories and casuistry for the morality of the Christian religion. He shrinks from the fatal experiment. It is quite a harmless pastime to speculate upon religion, and criticize a "theological bias," or sneer at the Christian Church; but another and more serious thing to cast off its moral restraints, to forego its consolations, its cheering promises and ripe hopes, and take instead the bald conclusions of a negative theism.

The query he raises as he comes to the beetling verge of his own speculations, and gazes down upon actual life, is full of meaning. It is this, for brief: "Can man by reason alone guide himself, or frame a code to guide others?" He replies: "It is assumed, in the first place, that adequate guidance for conduct in life, private and public, could be had, and that a moral code, rationally elaborated by men as they now are, would be duly operative upon them. Neither of these propositions commends itself when we come to examine the evidence. We have but to observe human action as it meets us at every turn, to see that the average intelligence, incapable of guiding conduct even in simple matters, were but a very moderate reach of reason would suffice, must fail in apprehending in due clearness the natural sanction of ethical principles. How then can there be such power of self-guidance in the absence of inherited authoritative rules?"

"Clearly, then, a visionary hope misleads those who think that in an imagined age of reason, conduct would be guided by a code directly based on considerations of utility."

Mr. Spencer is too clear a thinker and too careful an observer to believe that men, left to reason without some authoritative revelation, could guide themselves. His trained eye, surveying existing facts, takes in the chaos that would reign were we without the fear of God, or motives brought from eternity. This bold reasoner, after roaming over the dark mountains of his own and others' speculations, threading their defiles, climbing their loose precipices, comes back, his spirit sobered, his thoughts chastened, his fancy wearied with building airy nothing, to the old home. There are things about the traditional religion he does not affect; but after all, it is the only guiding power we have, or can have—something solid, venerable, authoritative, what all men need.

It is to us a delightful surprise to find this audacious roamer from our common faith thus making fast again, seemingly, to the old moorings, and turning his weary feet towards the old paths. It is something to be grateful for, when we see our dear faith so vigorously assailed, to feel that it contains the elements of self defense in its own contents and history. For when this master skeptic reaches the point of substituting his own conclusions for Christian casuistry, leaving men to become a law unto themselves, he stops. It is an experiment he does not care to make.

There is a profound conviction of the integrity and worth of what is petulantly called "the traditional religion." Influences emanate from it which play into all the casuistry and conduct of men, throwing around them an invisible and

sweet constraint they cannot deny, and do not care to disparage.

There is in this thought encouragement for the preacher. If one who has speculated so loosely is still loyal to his convictions of the truth and utility of the religion he assails, we are warranted in assuming the essential hollowness of all skepticism, and a universal consciousness of the truths of the gospel of the Son of God. We may press boldly into the inner courts of the soul, sure of finding in men's sober judgments a response to our arguments and appeals. We may affirm, without the least qualification, that there is nothing better a man can do for himself than to accept Christ as his Saviour, and live the pure and busy life He lived. There is power in a bold, honest assertion. We may reiterate the fitness of religion to universal human nature and wants, and lay hold of the inner consciousness of men to support our assertion. Let apologies alone. Assert sure things—among them the ineradicable belief in the Christian religion.

Another thing we ought to do: urge up Christian life to dress with Christian doctrine. Here is where Spencer and his co-laborers break down and distrust their own conclusions—their inability to produce character. They may sweep with banners and music the field of scientific theology; but when they come to sociology and manhood they are weak. The gospel gets immense advantage in the lives it inspires, and the characters it builds.

If we are wise to discern the signs of the times, we shall press this advantage, and put great emphasis upon practical religion and Christian manhood and womanhood. We must demonstrate, as well as assert, in every department of life, at home and in society, in business and pleasure, in the sick-room and house of mourning, the supreme beauty and excellence of the Christian religion.

One thought more. Fill the minds of children with the Word of God. Give them such a decided religious bias that all the speculations and doubts of after life shall not be able to change their early convictions. This, if anything, will save Spencer. These truths, loved in childhood, cling to us in later years. When our faith reels, and our hold on God's Word begins to lessen, and our minds are bewildered with doubts, then they come back to us, and like the star that guided the Magi, they bring us to worship once more the Babe of Bethlehem.

BRITISH CORRESPONDENCE.

The laity are knocking at the door of Convocation for admission, and some of the leading clergy are disposed to admit them—Canon Miller, for instance, one of the strongest and ablest of the leaders of the Low Church party. The *Church Herald* says, to admit the laity would be to destroy Convocation altogether. Among the elected members of the new body there are thirty-eight who signed the Remonstrance on the Purchase Judgment, and only six who are subscribers to the Church Association. The preponderance is in favor of the high, supercilious and sacerdotal party.

The Bishops have a measure of Church Reform to recommend to the new House of Commons, viz., the formation of a Diocesan Council, composed in equal proportions of clergy and laymen, the latter to be elected by the Church wardens of each diocese. In the event of a practice being adopted by any clergyman, in violation of a decision given by the final court of appeal, admonition of the ordinary, issued on the notice of the Board, would have summary effect, and be capable of being enforced by the sequestration of the benefice, subject to an appeal to the Archbishop of the Province.

In ecclesiastical circles north of the Tweed, there is considerable excitement concerning a project, or plot, which is in an advanced stage of incubation. It is supposed that the anti-union party of the Free Church, headed by Dr. Begg, are intriguing with Disraeli's ministry for the rehabilitation of the Established Church of Scotland. The new Lord Advocate is said to be the author of the scheme. It is supposed, if patronage were abolished, and an act passed by the legislature sanctioning the spiritual independence of the Free Church, ministers of that body would rush into the Establishment. It has been suggested, to meet the difficulty of placing them on an equal footing with the ministers of the established Church, to appropriate the product of unexhausted tithes, amounting to the sum of £150,000. Feelers have already been thrown out to see how the ground lies. The Lord Advocate has been authorized by the Home Secretary to prepare a measure for the consideration of the Cabinet, embodying these concessions. Should the project assume a practical form, vigorous efforts will be made to resist a secession. It has caused both surprise and alarm.

The revival in Scotland steadily and deeply progresses, especially amongst young men. This augurs well for its permanent and far-reaching results. Thousands are reported to have been converted. A recent incident is worthy of record. A minister, at a distance from Glasgow, felt that he was not converted, and attended one of the meetings held by Mr. Moody. When there he was powerfully impressed, and earnestly sought for the light, life and power of the new creation by the Holy Spirit. He did not realize it at the meeting, and returned home dark and dejected. But he determined to pray and hope. He did so, and before the time came when he was to appear before his people to preach to them the unsearchable riches of Christ, light

dawned upon his mind, and he became a new creature in Christ Jesus. His flock observed the change; he preached with pathos and power; the people were melted under the word; and an earnest of a sacred and hallowed penitential season accompanied the preaching of his discourse after his conversion. Scotland is the most outwardly religious, the most formal, and the most rigid country, professing to be Christian, in the world. The present revival will change it thoroughly and entirely, it is to be hoped. There has been nothing like it in that country for centuries.

A movement to secure the franchise of women has been set on foot, and is acquiring respectable proportions and many adherents. Several ladies who are active therein have visited Belfast, Ireland, several times, and lectured and held public meetings there. Drs. Scott and Parker, of the Methodist College, have embraced the movement, and favor it with their advocacy and support. So have other leading members and laymen of that town. Dr. Parker appears to be a thorough and enthusiastic convert to the movement. Dr. Scott is more cautious and cool. I suppose spinsters, and others who have property, and no one to represent them, could not do much harm by having the right to vote. I think, however, that society will not be in any way improved, nor the millennium in any way facilitated by encouraging and empowering women to leave their proper, appropriate and divinely defined sphere, and to enter offices of a laborious prominence, and to accept positions requiring all their time and attention from their children and their homes. I have heard of women preaching and speaking, but I never heard one with more admiration than pain, more complacency than sadness, more profit than loss. (Our correspondent has been unfortunate in his experience, —ED. HERALD.)

The Archbishop of Nonconformity, Thomas Binney, of London, is dead, and Dean Stanley assisted to bury him. His demise has already been noticed, and therefore I need not refer to it at any length. He was a great man, and when in good health and spirits was unrivaled in the pulpit. His influence over young men was great, and great to the very last. He was not only venerated, he was loved as a father by them. This is not generally the case. In no age have old ministers been in less demand than this. When ministers pass the meridian of life, and age takes them by the hand and shakes it, they do not continue to be popular and acceptable. They may be tolerated, and on account of what they once were may be heard with respect; but they are not listened to with pleasure as religious teachers and guides. They are looked upon as of the past, and are, therefore, out of date. This is as wrong as it is unkind, and ought to be sternly and unmeasurably denounced by those in authority and office. Not so with Binney. His preaching was not in the groove of the schools, as to methods and lines of thought, and he was always fresh and modern. He was accused of heresy, but he never advanced and taught fundamental error. He sympathized with heretics, and occupied an attitude of dissent from the orthodox side in the celebrated Rivulet controversy. So did Newman Hall, who is very evangelical in his views. The editor of the *Methodist Recorder*, London, with an unaccountable *lapis penne*, stated that an appropriate "motto" for Binney's monument would be, "Content earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."

E. Paxton Hood has a life of Binney in the press, which will be issued next week. Hood is a graphic writer, and the book will pass through several editions. He is always fresh, although a voluminous writer. His talents are versatile. He is a self-made man, and commenced his public career as a temperance lecturer. He is the author of several volumes of sermons of a high order of merit, and as suggestive and original as any that have been issued from the press for a long time. Hood has genius, and his pen is brilliant and keen. His taste is sometimes at fault. Binney was no student when at college, and did not succeed there. He had not patience sufficient to plod. All men of genius are impatient.

Dr. Joseph Parker has invited Primate Tait to take part in the opening services of the City Temple in May, and the Archbishop has consented to do so. His reply to the deputation that waited upon him was very courteous and catholic in tone and spirit. He said, in a sort of explanatory way, as if anticipating some interpretation of his consent, that it was no concession on his part to accept the invitation, and hoped that such amenities would be reciprocated. He was equal to the occasion. As the highest dignity of the Established Church, he is just the most suitable personage to embody the fraternal reciprocities he desires in the actual policy of his Church; and if sincere and conscientious, he will do so forthwith, and invite Dr. Parker to preach in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Doctor would do so, unless his well-known diffidence (?) would interpose its veto, and would acquit himself with credit to himself and the denomination to which he belongs. The pulpit of the City Temple is the gift of the Corporation of London. I do not expect to hear of Dr. Parker's *debut* in St. Paul's by invitation of Dr. Tait or any other Bishop of the Established Church. Dean Stanley asked Max Muller to preach in Westminster Abbey, but he has never extended a similar courtesy and privilege to Dr. Stoughton, Dr. Rigg, Mr. Spurgeon, or even the Pres-

ident of the Wesleyan Conference. He invited these gentlemen to his house to dine; but it is one thing to issue an invitation to dinner, and quite another to issue an invitation to preach. Dean Stanley is aristocratic in his ideas and opinions. Although he invites Nonconformist ministers to the deanery, he is not found in their houses, dining by invitation. Even in the amenities of social life, the brotherliness is one-sided. I am astonished that such a man as Dr. Rigg, the peer of Dean Stanley in every respect, and in grasp and vigor of mind far superior, should appear to feel such manifest pleasure in communicating to the papers the fact that he had been to Dean Stanley's house, and met so-and-so there.

Newman Hall has a new church in course of erection. It will soon be finished. It will have a tower in honor of the memory of Abraham Lincoln. The Christian paper of the United States contributed £2,000 to build it. Hall and Parker present quite a contrast in everything but success and egoism. I often wonder that London is large enough for the two. In appearance, in style of preaching, in elocution and rhetoric, the difference between the two men is striking. Hall is simple in style, plain in language, rapid in utterance, direct, searching and personal in application and appeal. Parker is ornate, unique, and without pathos or point in applying his sermons to the hearts and consciences of the people. Parker is married, but has no children. Hall has recently sought a divorce, his wife having left him some time ago.

Lay representation is receiving some ventilation in the columns of *The Methodist of London*. An Irish Wesleyan minister complained that *The Recorder* and *Irish Evangelist* would not open their columns to a discussion of the subject.

The Rev. John Carey, one of the oldest ministers of Irish Wesleyanism, has just died. He was ninety years of age, and sixty-four in the ministry. He was a good and faithful minister of Jesus Christ, and has left behind him a useful record and an honored name.

JUNUS.

NEW YORK EAST CONFERENCE.

Another session of the old New York East Conference has just been held in Brooklyn, and the whole week was crowded with interest. The Conference is constantly changing, but the *spirit* of the body remains substantially the same. There is the old ring of decided ability and fearless independence and denominational loyalty, albeit most of its historic debaters have either gone to the heavenly land, or have, by reason of years and long service in the Church, passed into the state of *otium cum dignitate*, and after they are there are some of them religious conviction, and to fill them with religious impulse, demand young men; and our older brethren must recognize this necessity, and lovingly yield to it. Of course, young men must have the stuff in him out of which great preachers are made; he must be cultivated, and earnest, and sensible, and pious, or the Churches will not call him; but if he has these qualifications, and has youth on his side, a whole continent of wide-awake Christians are anxious for his coming.

I desire to give you another letter concerning the men that are now attracting the most attention in our Conference.

GEORGE W. WOODBURY.

Dr. Cooke writes, in reference to the sad accident of last week, and the death of an excellent and promising young man at Wilbraham Academy, through the reckless and unparliamentary use of a pistol:—

"Inasmuch as different and alarming accounts of the unfortunate and painful event in our midst have found their way into the public journals, I write for the purpose of giving a reliable statement to the public. The using of even kepples of arms in the Wesleyan Academy, is a thing strictly forbidden by the Trustees; and the rule is unhesitatingly enforced by the government of the school.

"But notwithstanding this vigilance on the part of the authorities of the institution, such weapons do get smuggled in, and the result has been the terrible occurrence which has cast a gloom over our otherwise happy community. On Thursday, April 9, while I was absent at the New England Conference, a young man from Worcester, by the name of Linnell, who has been a student in the Academy for several terms, pointed a pistol playfully at R. C. Naramore, Jr., a fellow-student, from Birmingham, Conn. He did not for a moment suppose it loaded, but intended simply to exploit the percussion-cap. The barrel, however, was charged, and the ball entered the forehead of his unfortunate companion, and lodged in the center of the left brain. Dr. W. G. Breck, an eminent surgeon of Springfield, was speedily summoned by telegraph, and everything was done that medical skill could devise to save the life of Naramore, but without avail.

"The sufferer was conscious for some time, recognizing his parents and other friends, who were early at his bedside, but before to lose his consciousness by degrees, and finally passed away about twelve o'clock Thursday, 10th. To-day a coroner's inquest has been held, and the verdict was that he came to his death by gross carelessness on the part of Linnell, but without murderous intent.

"R. C. Naramore, the deceased, was sixteen years and eight months old—a youth of remarkable maturity and development as a scholar, for one of his age, and a most exemplary Christian disciple. For a series of years he has acquired himself honorably as a student in the Academy, and intended to enter the Sheffield Scientific School next Fall, where he would, no doubt, have won merited distinction."

approve of his national camp-meetings and extraordinary and special services in the interest of holiness. They do not like to take that attitude too publicly and squarely, lest they might seem to antagonize the highest forms of Christian living. But then that is their real position; and in holding that position they represent a class of ministers and members that have always been in the Methodist Church, from the beginning. The Methodist Church is not a unit on the doctrine of Christian perfection.

The last number of the *Christian Advocate*, speaking of this very subject of holiness, says: "For the most of us it is about all we hope to attain to, that we may live and die forgiven, thus surrendering, as I appreciate the utterance, that grand consummation of Christian experience when the soul comes to glorious and joyous victory. *Forgiveness* the highest attainment the most of us ought to hope for? Surely, the Methodism of our fathers had more of heaven in it than that. Forgiveness is sweet, precious, blessed. Who of us could live an hour without its hallowed consolation? But forgiveness is only the first round on the ladder to the skies. Beyond this initial fact in a Christian's life there is a wonderful experience of rest and joy and triumph to every soul that fully accepts the philosophy of Jesus, and especially that unfalteringly clings to the Man of Nazareth.

The New York East Conference put itself on the right side, and by a very large majority of one hundred and twenty-nine to forty, granted the relation sought for by Brother Inskip. I by no means intimate that this vote is an expression of the mind of the Conference on the shades of belief among us on the question of Christian perfection. I know that it is not; for some in the majority do not agree with Mr. Inskip, either in his thoughts or modes, voting to grant his request for a superannuated relation on other grounds; but the vote is a pretty good indication, in my judgment, of the position of the New York East Conference on the subject of holiness. Brother Inskip himself is in such a state of health and temper of mind as will probably enable him to render good service during the year, in the field to which he believes he has been divinely called.

The appointments, so far as I have learned, give general satisfaction. Some of the strongest positions are held by our young men. There is hardly one important post in the Conference occupied by a man of fifty. One of our bishops has been reported as saying lately, that "fifty years of age is the dead line in the life of a Methodist minister;" and, with rare and peculiar exceptions, I suppose that this is not only true of ministers in Methodism, but ministers in all the denominations.

Of course this by no means holds true of our brethren in official positions. Bishops, editors, book agents and secretaries can hold to useful work until they are seventy. But the peculiar work demanded of a Christian pastor in these days; the magnitude and fervor and health needed to attract crowds of people to our Churches, and after they are there to give them into religious conviction, and to fill them with religious impulse, demand young men; and our older brethren must recognize this necessity, and lovingly yield to it. Of course, young men must have the stuff in him out of which great preachers are made; he must be cultivated, and earnest, and sensible, and pious, or the Churches will not call him; but if he has these qualifications, and has youth on his side, a whole continent of wide-awake Christians are anxious for his coming.

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EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

Quite a unique ecclesiastical incident has lately occurred in Worcester. Rev. Mr. Wm. M. Parry has crowded, for a year or two past, the Old South Congregational meeting-house with hearers—many drawn, without doubt, by the strange perversion of Scripture texts and the eccentric manner of the pastor, although he is represented to be, with all these follies, quite an earnest Christian minister. A serious opposition to him arising in the Church, he drew off with a considerable body, and formed in a hall a new organization, called the Tabernacle Church. A council was called to recognize this Church, and to install the pastor. A fortnight since the council met, and received into their fellowship the Church, with solemn and appropriate services, but declined, for not very clearly expressed reasons, to install their chosen minister. Last week, however, the Church

itself took the matter in hand, and without the presence or aid, in the services of the occasion, of any other minister, installed their pastor. Officers of the Church gave him the charge and right hand of fellowship, and made the address to the people, while Mr. Parry preached his own installation sermon. This was the only weak and unsatisfying part of the exercises of the evening. The addresses of the laymen were particularly dignified and appropriate. Mr. Parry gave adequate reason, however, for the installation of his brethren in installing him, in the simple announcement of his text. We can hardly characterize it as anything but blasphemous. This was the text he announced, amid the loud laughter and applause of the audience: "*Never skeddaddie. None of these things move me!*" He preached upon the highest of his amazing Scripture. There was nothing in the discourse, as reported in the daily papers, that redeemed the miserable attempt at wit, at the expense of all Christian propriety, in the subject announced. The whole sermon seemed to be in keeping with the text. God may overlook such irreverent nonsense to the accomplishment of some good result, but we cannot wonder that a considerable council should have hesitated to pronounce their benediction upon it.

Rev. W. F. Butler, the able pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church composed of colored members in New York, visited our city last week to participate in the commemorative services in honor of Charles Sumner, held by the colored citizens of Boston. He made a pleasant call at the *Examiner*, with Mr. Downing of New York. We were much impressed with the suggestion of Mr. Butler in reference to the education of young men of color in our northern academies and colleges. He thought it would be the most effectual way to divert them from the peculiarities of speech and manner entailed upon this long-suffering race by years of bondage and ignorance. The singular remark he made was, "Send the singularer whites of the South alone. By being trained in the company of white students they would sooner learn to respect themselves, and to acquire a modest self-possession in the presence of persons of this color, and an ability to express themselves without fear, or unduly hesitation in the company of their peers of a different hue. We think the suggestion an important one. Secretary Tait could do no better thing for some of his promising lads, looking to the profession of the teacher, or called to preach, than to devote a portion of the funds coming into his hands for this purpose. Send a number of them, as first fruits, to Wilbraham, Greenfield, or Kent's Hill. A brother in Maine wrote to me a short time since, inquiring how he could best use an amount of money for young men of color, preparing to preach. Such a direction as the one here indicated for his funds would have been a wise one.

The *Bibliotheca Sacra* for April opens with a strongly reasoned article by ex-President Thomas Hill, of Harvard College. His subject is the affirmation, "The Foundation of Theology True." He shows that its fundamental doctrines are in harmony with the spiritual constitution of man, and are simply confirmed by Revelation. He meets fully and satisfactorily Herbert Spencer's two-fold argument against the freedom of the will. Rev. John C. Clark gives an instructive paper upon Galilee in the time of Christ, considering, in this number, the religion, education and morals of the Galileans at that time. The third article is upon the baptism of infants and their Church membership, to which we will refer at length hereafter. Professor John W. Meares, of Hamilton College, reviews Herbert Spencer's *First Principles of a New System of Philosophy*, developing and criticizing his theory of religion. Dr. Theodore D. Woolsey gives an exegesis of the Greek words in verse fifty of the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew, translated in our version, "Wherefore art thou come?" He concludes that it is not interrogative, but exclamatory: "You have come to me!" Rev. John C. Clark gives the History of Alpha Phi, Professor T. of Greenville, S. C., has a review of a linguistic and ethnological discussion by J. G. Mueller on the Shemitic races and languages. This number closes with the usual pages of short critical reviews of current literature. Answer: W. F. Draper.

We are grieved to learn from the editorial columns of *The Southern Worker*, that the official board and pastor of the American Church of New Orleans, have made the fatal mistake of excluding, of late, persons of color from their audience room, opening to them only the gallery. The act is said not to have been inspired by any lack of respect for, or interest in the colored people, but from a fear that the prejudicial views of the city, who might otherwise be anxious to be present, would not come to the church to hear Mrs. Van Cott if their tastes were shocked by the presence of people of color. Let them stay away then, until their curiosity or spiritual necessities break down this wicked prejudice. The colored people, as a class, at the South, do now, and doubtless will for some time yet, prefer their own churches; but let them have a hearty Christian welcome whenever they choose to worship with their white brethren. We certainly are not needed in the South to establish exclusive white Churches. The Methodist Episcopal Church South can meet the requisitions of this class, if this is the chief work to be done. They are called by God into this field, it is to preach the gospel to every person, irrespective of color, social standing, education or wealth. It may be humbling; it will, doubtless, be a slow process by which we shall build up our societies under the existing social ban, but this battle has been often fought out to victory heretofore in the history of the Church. This course will seem folly to some, and be twaddling to others; but an impartial gospel has always been the power of God unto salvation. Our Southern Methodist brethren coming from Northern Churches, or joining the Methodist Episcopal Church at the South, will find that ecclesiastical compromises will prove in the end as fatal as political. Our views, our modes and our practices are widely and honestly diverse from those of the Southern Church. They will not yield a particle of their opinions at present, and they will ultimately respect us all the more if we are true to our own often asserted convictions.

We dismiss again from our ranks of New England preachers, for the Southern field, another of our most devoted and successful laborers, Rev. T. J. Abbott. Bishop Haven has well learned how to place his hand upon vigorous and earnest men. It is a happy fact for the new Conference at the South; but these men are missed in their old homes. Mr. Abbott is a genial, laborious and faithful pastor, zealous in every branch of ministerial work, cheering on his Churches with inspiring exhortations and stirring songs. He goes to Charleston, S. C., thus filling again the position once occupied by the beloved and lamented T. W. Lewis. Many prayers and good wishes will follow him to his interesting field.

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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The right edge of the page is bound, showing dark stitching or thread. There is no text or other markings on the page.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Quarter.

Bible Lesson Series, May 24.
Lesson V. Leviticus vii. 37, 38.
BY L. D. BARROWS, D. D.

THE FIVE OFFERINGS.

37. This is the law of the burnt offering, of the meat offering, and of the sin offering, and of the trespass offering, and of the peace offerings; and of the sacrifice of the peace offerings;

38. Which the Lord commanded Moses in Mount Sinai, in the day that he commanded the children of Israel to offer their offerings unto the Lord, in the wilderness of Sinai.

After the setting up and dedication of the Tabernacle, the various offerings constituting the system of worship in the Jewish Church are in this book of Leviticus provided for. Moses, as an extraordinary messenger, derived his authority for this emblematical system of worship directly from God, with no mediator between them.

Meat offering. says Dr. Clarke, means "to rest, or settle after toil." It generally consisted of things without life, such as green ears of corn, full ears of corn, flour, oil, frankincense, and may be as having its name from that rest from labor and toil which a man had when the fruits of autumn were brought in, etc., or when, in consequence of obtaining any rest, ease, etc., a significant offering or sacrifice was made to God.

This offering of rest and thanksgiving was considered most holy, and was eaten only by the males, and not by them when under any criminal delinquency. The meat offering of the priests was wholly burnt, because they were not to live of their own offerings, but of the people, set apart for them (Lev. vi. 15). The priests offered this offering as initiatory to their office—an offering of consecration. Josephus says, the high priest offered this twice every day, at his own charges. So we see that of those whom God has advanced above their fellow creatures, more is expected and required. How sublimely proper the idea, in the abundance of rest, peace, and hope given us by our bountiful Father, flowing on ever, that we should often be found with our offerings of consecration and thanksgiving.

The sin-offering was for sin in general, and for all those who had missed their aim and gone astray, as the word implies. The offering was at once an acknowledgment of guilt, and of a firm purpose of the offender to return to God, the offended. This sacrifice was to be killed on the north side of the altar; and the priest who offered it for the sinner was, with his sons, or other priests, to eat the flesh of it, and thus they were represented as bearing the sins of the people, as explained in chapter five. The blood that happened to fall on the clothes was most carefully and reverently washed out, and the vessels in which it was boiled, if earthen, were broken. The defilement of sin is thus indicated, and the weakness of the sacrifice. The body of Christ, our great High Priest, was broken, while His blood cleanseth from all sin. By faith we eat of His broken body, and are washed in His blood. There was the shadow and the type—ours, the substance.

There was also the **sin-offering of ignorance**, which seems to have been appointed for presumptuous or heedless violations of God's law, particularly His law respecting worship. Sins of ignorance, so called, are not always without guilt. Ignorance, self-imposed, or needlessly retained, brings guilt, and needs a sacrifice and pardon. To choose darkness, involves all the guilt of extinguishing light.

The trespass-offering recognized the offender as guilty, and the guilt was regarded as transferred to the animal offered up to God. This offering was subject to the same rules, substantially, as the sin-offering, which in many respects it resembled. Christ is said to have made his soul an offering for sin (Isa. liii. 10). When the blood and fat of the animal were offered the priests were to eat the flesh, the same as in the sin-offering. The flesh belonged to the priest that offered it. It seems that the offering was to have no share himself in the trespass-offering, as he was to have in his peace-offering. Peace-offerings were made in thankfulness for mercy, and then a feast seemed more proper.

Of this **trespass-offering**, Bagster remarks: "It is remarkable that in this and the following verse, this offering is indifferently called trespass-offering and sin-offering; yet these differ in several respects. Sin-offerings were sometimes offered for the whole congregation; trespass-offerings never, but only for particular persons. Bullocks were sometimes used for sin-offerings, never for trespass-offerings. The blood of the sin-offerings was put on the horns of the altar, that of the trespass-offering was only sprinkled round the bottom of the altar. The sin-offering seems to have been for the expiation of offences committed in matters of religion, from a mistake or inadvertency respecting the law; but the trespass-offering was required for the casual deviation from the ritual law when well known, or for crimes of injustice to man."

This **trespass-offering** had respect to many offences: denying a trust, defrauding a partner, denoting a manifest wrong, deceiving in trade, retaining what was found making restitution, and even offering it for possible but unknown sins, showing us how careful and jealous God would have mankind of their whole conduct.

Offerings of consecration the priests partook of, and hence, as the word means, had their hands filled. Two

animals were offered; one was burnt entirely, the other was the portion of the priests who were consecrated to their divinely appointed work. Thus, says Dr. Clarke, the sacrifice was not only an atonement for sin, but also a means of approach to, and a present for God. "Thus the priests were taught," says Alsworth, "how, with all their strength and all their heart, they should give themselves unto the service of the Lord in His Church."

The **peace-offering** implied completeness or wholeness, supplying that which was lacking, or broken, namely, God's covenant. So that, after such an offering the sincere and conscientious mind had a right to consider that the breach was made up between God and it. To this doubtless the apostle alludes (Eph. ii. 14-15): "He is our peace (or peace-offering) who has made both one, and broken down the middle wall; having abolished in His flesh the enmity," etc. These were voluntary oblations, either in return for blessings received, or in supplications for mercies desired. The offerer laid his hand upon the sacrifice, as in other cases, for all the forms of worship appointed by God begin with the confession of sins. We can approach God only as sinners, and as sinners only through faith in the great atonement. These peace-offerings were divided into three parts; first, to implore peace with God; the second was to be eaten by the offerer, as implying peace derived to his own conscience; and the third was to be given to the priest, as the mediator and peace-maker in this solemn transaction.

In this offering the people seem to have been left more to their own free-will, than in those requiring confession of sin. The truly penitent will need no command to offer praise. They are now, as they were then, ready, anxious to testify their joyful thanksgiving in a holy feast. So it was then, if the offerer did not take care to have his offering eaten by himself, or his family, friends, or the poor, within the time limited by the law, the sacrifice was not accounted to him. Mark well: all our acts of worship are spoiled if they do not conform strictly to all the spirit, design, and requirements, as shown by Him who has established them.

The eating of this sacrifice before the third day, lest it putrefy, is supposed to symbolize the resurrection of Christ after two days, that God's Holy One might not see corruption.

This whole system of Jewish worship was very elaborate, minute, expensive, and bloody. It was material, and visible, and came far short of the lofty and pure spirituality of Christianity. It was little more than a stepping-stone from heathenism to the blessed gospel. The semi-barbarism of that people and that age rendered it impossible that they should come suddenly and boldly from that midnight moral darkness to the full blaze of the Christian religion—wholly spiritual, which recognizes the kingdom of God only in the hearts of men. Let us bring our thank-offering, that we live after the smoldering fires of bloody altars have gone out, since, once for all, Christ has made a sacrifice of Himself when He suffered without the gate. So closed the Jewish ritual and its priesthood; so began the kingdom that "is not of this world," not consisting of meats and drinks, but is spirit and life.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS,
Sunday, May 3.
From the Notes.

- 1 What was the system of Jewish worship?
- 2 How did it originate?
- 3 What was the import of meat offering?
- 4 Of what did it consist?
- 5 On what occasion was it offered?
- 6 What does Josephus say of this priestly offering?
- 7 What rendered it so very proper?
- 8 For what was the sin-offering?
- 9 What part of it belonged to the priests?
- 10 What about it indicated the defilement of sin, and the weakness of the sacrifice?
- 11 What was the sin-offering of ignorance?
- 12 Is the sin of ignorance without guilt?
- 13 What was the import of the trespass-offering?
- 14 What other offering did it most resemble?
- 15 How does Bagster say it differed from sin-offering?
- 16 What particular offenses was it offered for?
- 17 What was the offering of consecration?
- 18 What is Dr. Clarke's remark of it?
- 19 What did the peace offering imply?
- 20 In what sense is Christ our peace, or peace-offering?
- 21 Into how many parts was this offering divided?
- 22 Was this compulsory, as some other offerings?
- 23 What rendered this offering null and void?
- 24 What is said of this whole system of Jewish worship?
- 25 How does Christian worship differ?
- 26 Why was this ever adopted?

Fanaticism and deceit are strangely near relations to each other, and the deceiver is often the person first deceived, and the last who is aware of the imposture. —Froude.

HOW LONG WERE THE ISRAELITES IN EGYPT?

In the study of the International Bible Series of Sunday-school lessons, we have just passed over that interesting portion of Holy Scriptures which refers to the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt. While the subject is fresh in the minds of the scholar and teacher, it may not be out of place to review the method by which the period of time is found between the going down into Egypt of Jacob and his household, and the exodus of the Israelites, under the leadership of Moses.

In Gen. xii. 4, we learn that Abraham was 75 years old when he came by the call of God into Canaan. At this point of time the sojourning began. At the end of 25 years, or when Abraham was 100 years old, Isaac was born, Gen. xxi. 5. When Isaac was 60 years of age, Jacob was born, Gen. xxv. 26. We learn from Gen. xlvii. 9, that Jacob was 130 years old when he went into Egypt. Now, if we put these several sums together, we shall have the time between the call of Abraham and the going into Egypt. Thus 25 years, the time of Abraham in Canaan before the birth of Isaac, plus 60 years, the age of Isaac at the birth of Jacob, plus 130 years, the age of Jacob at the time of his going into Egypt, equal 215 years.

Now we will turn to Exodus xii. 40, where we learn that "the sojourning of the children of Israel which dwelt in Egypt, was four hundred and thirty years." "Sojourning," that is, living in a country not their own, both in Canaan and in Egypt. But as we have found by the passages above referred to, 215 years had passed before the going into Egypt had commenced, or one half of the whole time; therefore the sojourn in Egypt was 215 years. This conclusion is sustained by the writings of St. Paul, who in the Epistle to the Galatians, iii. 17, says: "And this I say, that the covenant which was confirmed before of God in Christ, the law, which was four hundred and thirty years after, cannot disannul."

The covenant referred to was that made to Abraham at his call from Haran into Canaan. And so definite was the time, that in Exodus xii. 41, we read, "And it came to pass at the end of the four hundred and thirty years, even the self same day it came to pass, that all the hosts of the Lord went out from the land of Egypt." By this comparing of dates, ages, and promises, we have the exact length of time the posterity of Jacob were in Egypt namely, 215.

There is another basis by which we learn the approximate time of Israel's stay in Egypt. In Gen. xv. 16, God promised Abraham his posterity should come out of the house of bondage in the fourth generation. In Exodus vi. 16, 18, we find a family record of the family of Levi, one of the twelve sons of Jacob, who went into Egypt: Levi, his son Kohath, his son Amram, his son Moses. Thus Moses was "the fourth generation" from those who went into Egypt. I am particular to reach these conclusions from Scriptural authority, because some chronologists overlook the data of Holy Scripture, and allow to the sojourn in Egypt a very long period of time.

A German chronologist, by the name of Bunsen, maintains that the Israelites were in Egypt 1,434 years, a period of time, if beginning at the date of Jacob's going into Egypt, which would extend to a date some two hundred years before the prophecy of Malachi, thereby absorbing all of Jewish history from the time of Moses till within two hundred years of the coming of Christ. It is best to keep closely to the Word of God, and not suppose an unwarrantably long time in Egypt, so as to allow the natural increase of the seventy souls, to make the host which came out under Moses. The increase of the Israelites, while in Egypt, was evidently a supernatural increase.

WILLIAM JONES,
Pastor of M. E. Church.
Lyons, N. Y., April 7, 1874.

The Family.

THE SQUIRE OF WALTON HALL.

BY DANIEL WISE, D. D.

THE SPICY GROVES OF LA GABRIELLE—HUNTING FOR A TROPIC BIRD—A SCANT OUTFIT.

Waterson was greatly pleased with the beautiful scenery of Cayenne. He says, "as you pass the islands, the stately hills on the main, ornamented with ever verdant foliage, show you that this is by far the sublimest scenery on the sea coast, from the Amazon to the Orinoco."

About a day's journey into the interior, he found a famous garden, called La Gabrielle, in which was a grove of two-hundred thousand clove trees, in full bearing, besides fruit trees collected from all parts of the tropics. Speaking of the noble avenue of the choicest tropical fruit trees, which form a grand approach, three thousand feet long, to the buildings of this fairy like garden, he says:—

"Should you chance to stray through it, after sunset, when the clove trees are in blossom, you would fancy yourself in the Italian groves, or near the banks of the Nile, where they were burning the finest incense as the queen of Egypt passed."

It was not only grand scenery, but the higher beauties of animated nature that our naturalist sought. Hence we find him speedily turning his back upon

the spicy breezes of this lovely garden, and penetrating the mountain forests and the lowland swamps in pursuit of birds. In the former, he found in abundance the "cock of the rock," a bird about the size of a fan-tail pigeon, of a bright orange color, and his head ornamented with a superb double-feathery crest, edged with purple. This is a silent bird, which passes its days in damp, gloomy places, that it quits at sunrise and sunset only, to procure food. Here, too, he found large numbers of what Buffon calls, the grand gyronche, a bird "not quite so large as the jackdaw, and entirely black, except under the throat, which is a glossy purple." Of course he secured specimens of these and other tropical beauties for his collection.

While in Cayenne, our painstaking naturalist made a perilous attempt to procure a specimen of that "solitary wanderer over the deep," named Phaeton by the great Linnaeus, but popularly known as the Tropic bird. There is an island rock, called the Grand Connetable, on the coast of Cayenne, about thirty-six miles from the shore, which "rises out of the ocean like an aquatic giant." This rock is the home of countless sea fowl. Report said that the Tropic bird had its nest and reared its young among the recesses of this barren isle, and Waterson resolved to visit it and test the truth of this opinion.

Accordingly, he set out at six o'clock one evening, in a canoe with seven negroes, expecting to get beyond the island of Cayenne, which lies near the continent, and out into the ocean by the next morning at day break. Soon after they started, a heavy rain began to fall. It continued nearly all night, thoroughly soaking our naturalist and all on board. It would have swamped the canoe, but for the constant labor of one of the negroes bailing out the water. As it was, he passed a very uncomfortable night.

The next morning brought him still greater discomfort. True, he was outside the island of Cayenne, but could make no progress towards the supposed home of the Tropic bird, because the ebbing tide left his canoe "high and dry upon an almost boundless mud flat." The scorching sun blazed fiercely upon him, and made the vast mud-flat look like an immense mirror. It was very hard to endure the heat of such a day, in such a helpless condition. But he bore the trial patiently, amusing himself with the movements of the countless herons, spoonbills, scarlet curlews, and egrets which came to suck their food on the mud. He tells us, that he counted over "five hundred flamingoes ranged in a straight line," putting him in mind of "a file of soldiers in scarlet uniform."

At last the tedious hours wore away, and he hoped the returning tide would enable him to pull out to the Tropic bird's supposed home. Alas, for his hope! It was the season of Spring tides, and the returning waters came with such turbulence as to convince both him and his crew that the canoe could not possibly cross them. Hence, he reluctantly gave the word to return as soon as the flood tide floated his frail bark. Another long sleepless night of hardship followed. But he reached home at last, with such a swollen throat, that for three days he could scarcely swallow food of any kind. To his enthusiastic mind the worst feature of the case was his failure to reach the rock. He would have thought very lightly of even a more serious illness, could he have found the curious bird he sought. He would have waited for the next tides, and tried again to reach the rock, but for the rare occasion of securing a passage to Paramaribo, the capital of Surinam, Dutch Guiana, in a ship which was about leaving Cayenne. In a subsequent chapter we shall see that he finally secured one of those wonderful birds, under very exciting circumstances.

This trip to Surinam was an afterthought. His original purpose was to go to Para, and thence up the Amazon to the Rio Negro, and across to the sources of the Essequibo. By this route he had expected to settle the vexed question of the existence of Lake Parima, beyond all further dispute, as well as to add numerous treasures to his bird and animal cabinets. But finding it difficult to reach Para, he changed his plan, sailed to Paramaribo, traversed the interior to the Corintin, stopped awhile in New Amsterdam, and then proceeded to his old hunting grounds in his beloved Demerara.

Would you like to know how this wealthy Squire traveled on this and his other long forest journeys? Fancy, then, a man with a face burned to bronze under the rays of a tropical sun. A hat, a check shirt with a thin flannel waistcoat underneath, and a light pair of pantaloons, make up his entire stock of clothing for a trip. He is barefoot, but knows how to tread lightly, and to walk unwounded on the rough ground and through the mantling briars. Another article in his outfit is a sheet, twelve feet long, ten wide, painted, and with loops. This, suspended between two trees in the form of a roof, will make his tent.

Next, is a hammock, in which he expects to sleep. For fish and game he depends upon his trusty gun and the equally reliable shots of his Indian attendant's blow-pipe and poisoned arrows. For medical purposes, in case of sickness, he carries Peruvian bark, calomel, jalap, and a lancet. These were doubtful helps; but better than they, or any other drugs, were his temperate habits. He always ate moderately, and never drank wine, spirits, or fermented liquors in any climate.

"This abstemiousness," he says, "has

ever proved a faithful friend; it carried me through the epidemic at Malaga; it has since befriended me in many a fit of sickness, brought on by exposure to the noon day sun, to the dews of night, to the pelting shower, and unwholesome food."

Let the young reader make careful note of this valuable testimony. Should he chance to visit a hot and fever-stricken country, and be told that strong drinks are preventives of sickness, let him call to mind these words of our veteran adventurer, and assure himself that neither health nor life, but only sickness and death, are in the cup which holds either beer, wine, whiskey, or any other intoxicating draughts.

Englewood, N. J.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

BY M. M. D.

I'll tell you how I speak a piece:
First I make my bow;
Then I bring my words out clear
And plain as I know how.

Next I throw my hands up—so!
Then I lift my eyes;
That's to let my hearers know
Something about surprise.

Next I grin and show my teeth,
Nearly every one;
Shake my shoulders, hold my sides;
That's the sign of fun.

Next I start and knit my brow,
Hold my head erect;
Something's wrong, you see, and I
Decidedly object.

Then I wabble at my knees,
Clutch at shadows near,
Tremble with top to toe;
That's the sign of fear.

Soon I scowl, and with a leap
Seize an airy dagger.
"WRETCH!" I cry. "That's tragedy,
Every soul to stagger."

Then I let my voice grow faint,
Gasp and hold my breath;
Tumble down and plunge about;
That's a villain's death.

Quickly then I come to life,
Perfectly restored;
With a bow my speech is done.
Now you'll please applaud.

St. Nicholas.

AN EASTER OFFERING.

Died, on Easter Sunday, HATTIE L. TOURJEE, aged 1 year and 10 months. The meanings of the tide of personal sorrow, which heaves and swells over the loss of an idolized child, are rarely loud enough to catch the public ear. It would be too much to expect, therefore, that her name whose early death we have just written, an infant daughter in this great family of ours, should cause your eyes to fill with tears, and your heart to throb, like ours, with anguish.

Dear little Hattie! There is not a person in Auburnville to whom this name does not bring memories which can never die—memories of all that is most beautiful in the unfolding of infant life. Our entire community is bereaved in the loss of this angelic babe.

We shall think of her as we saw her so often on Sabbath mornings, at the window, looking out at us from those soul-lit eyes, her silken curls above her brow like a halo of light. That matchless picture is framed in our hearts forever. We shall think of her as she rode like a very queen in her dainty carriage through our streets, smiling so lovingly upon her ever-increasing attendants, and ready to repeat in her own sweet, silvery tones, those baby utterances which must linger and vibrate upon the ear forever. What wonder that she seemed a dreamy Babe Bell, who,

"With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Had wandered out of Paradise."

What wonder that a vague shuddering took possession of us at times, when we almost felt that the "messenger from unseen lands" was nearing her.

Possibly there are some mothers who will smile when I assert that she was the loveliest child that ever breathed. I have seen the rarest collections of cherubine forms that artist-pencil ever created; I have studied the matchless groups of Murillo, and gazed upon Raphael's and Titian's angelic hosts beneath Italian skies; but I never saw anywhere so lovely a face as Hattie Tourjee's. I have gazed with rapt admiration upon the marbles of Phidias and Praxiteles, and stood in mute wonder before the wondrous creations of Canova; but I never saw such exquisite grace and loveliness as Hattie's, in the calm beauty of her final sleep. Loving hands had gathered the flowers she loved so well, until the music-room, ever associated with the dear child, was like a beautiful garden; while in bright verbal letters shone the Saviour's words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Like a child wearied with gathering flowers, she looked as though just fallen asleep upon a bed of violets and lilies, a smile yet wreathing the lovely lips. One little hand clasped a broken rose-bud. Alas! those waxen hands, which once we hoped would awaken sweetest earthly melodies for us.

Despite the comforting promises from the Scriptures, read so impressively, the tender, hopeful words of our good pastor, the touching prayer of thanks and valediction from Rev. Mr. McDonald, and the sweet minor chant, with its breathings of immortality, our hearts are well-nigh bursting as the little casket with its priceless jewel is closed from our sight forever. How then can these loving parents live beneath their weight of sorrow?

Ah, how wondrous is the power of that love divine, which enables them, even through blinding tears, to recognize a Father's hand, and to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Mrs. A. R. L.

SUCCESS OF GRANDMOTHERS.

"I don't wonder they say that grandmothers are not fit to bring up children!" said a grandmother in my hearing, the other day. "I find myself," said she, "relaxing my rules with these children," referring to her motherless grandchildren, who had fallen into her hands—"rules that I carried out very strictly with my own children."

"I yield to their pleas, I am afraid, sometimes, when I ought not. However, I would not allow them in anything of lasting injury to themselves or others, if I knew it to be so."

"After all," said she, in reply to some mention I had made of facts, "I do not wonder that people say the indulgence of their grandparen'ts."

"Well," said I, "I don't think children are spoiled when their grandparen'ts have the sole care of them, as you have. It is when government is divided that children are ruined; as in the case where there is a division in the government between the two parents. Come, let us see," said I, "let us reckon up all the children that we know, whose grandparen'ts brought them up, and see how many good women and men came of them, and how many bad ones."

"The boys had all become noble men. More boys are made good by being trained with the hand of affection, than with defiant force—especially the defiance of a woman; whether she be a mother, or mistress of a school, or older sister, or whoever. Let the appeal be to love, to gratitude, to gallantry, as that of grandmother's almost always is, and you appeal to a principle in a boy that will make him good."

"Now," says the grandma, "you will break my heart if you should do this dishonorable or wicked thing; and she speaks the truth, and he feels it. It would not make her angry, but it would break her heart. The false fires of nature are going out in her; she appeals to principles every time she speaks; and she cannot help it; the hastiness of life is over with her, and her dear boy feels this. Of something she wishes done, she says, from her heart, 'if you, dear child, don't do it for your grandma, or grandpa, who will? Is there any one that we should expect to do it so readily and so gladly?'"

And he says, by his virtual response, I hope you will never look to any other one to do for you what you wish done. He is drawn, but not driven to his duty; his filial duty. That gives a stamp for life.

E. W. T.

ASTRAY.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

Bewildered, Father, at Thy feet
I fall to-day,
Seeing two paths, of thorns and sweet,
In parted way.
And weary, blinded, sore distressed,
I humbly pray,
For Thy behest.

Adown this vista clatters fruit,
Tempting and bright,
Can it be true, from branch and root
Spreads poisonous blight?
Father, the precious boon bestow,
To heal my sight.

And there, a black road stretches far,
In cold gray air,
Wherein I see no single star
To make it fair;
O, tell me, is the narrow way
Always so bare?

I scarcely dare to look upon
The unnumbered path,
So soft it smites within the sun,
So much it hath
Of joy, to make the other seem
Fulfillment rare.

Of some fell dream,
Surely my feet were never fixed
In trusty way,
To hold me thus two roads betwixt,
In sore dismay!
In fear of wrong, yet doubt of right,
Mistrusting day.

And drearing night;
Yet, Father, if Thou wilt but guide
We need not mourn,
Whatever bitterness betide!
The sharpest thorn
Is not all painful if, the while
The flesh is torn.

We see Thy smile,
The sun-warmed vines must all decay,
Unblest or blest;
Lead, Father, lead whichever way
Thou seest best;
The longest way is short that yields
Eternal rest.

BOYS! A WORD WITH YOU.

Are there not obligations laid upon brothers? You are stronger than your sister. Ought you not to spring to her aid, if she is doing something difficult or fatiguing? For instance: house-cleaning times are approaching, and there will be pictures to hang, carpets to tack, shades to put up, furniture to move from place to place, and all sorts of back-breaking and back-aching occupations for a week or two. Of course "it isn't so pleasant for a fellow" to be around in those days, and so a fellow—pardon the expression, but we've heard young gentlemen use it often—unless he is very manly and unselfish, will be apt to think of engagements out of the house. Let us whisper a secret in your ear. He is a jewel among men who is never in the way when he is not wanted, and never out of the way when he is. There are a great many little things, and big things, which a good son and brother can do in domestic emergencies, if he only cares to make himself useful. If you live in the country, there is many a lift you can give to the women-folks, in the way of carrying in wood, bringing pails of water, and generally lending a hand.

Then, young man, if you are an elder brother, bethink yourself, sometimes, that your sister may like to have you take her out, as well as some of the other young ladies of your acquaintance. Jennie is quite as pretty, quite as well-bred, and has quite as many capacities for enjoyment as any other girl of her age. She would be pleased if, now and then, you would invite her to go with you to a lecture or a concert; and you would, if you only tried it, find out that an evening with your sister would pass as agreeably, and perhaps more restfully, than an evening with any one else, not excepting even the dearest and best girl in the world, whose image is with you like a guardian angel, and whose name you always speak with reverence and regard.

THE SAW OF CONTENTION.

"Oh, Frank, come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it. When I draw it through the board again, it's most hot enough to set fire to it."

"That's the friction," said Frank, with all the superior wisdom of two years more than Eddie boasted.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing; "it's the friction; but do you know what it makes me think of?"

"No," said Frank, "what?"

"The boys who were quarreling a trifle this morning, and the more they talked the hotter their tempers grew, until there was no knowing what might have happened, if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

The boys hung their heads, and Mary went on.

"There is an old proverb which says, 'the longer the saw of contention is drawn, the hotter it grows!'"

"I tell you what, Frank," said Eddie, "when we find ourselves getting angry, let's run out and use the saw Kris Kringle brought me, and then we won't find time for the saw of contention." —Young Reapers.

THE FORGOTTEN ONE.

"But to think that my brother could forget me!" cried Charlotte, large tears coursing down her pale cheeks, "when I have loved him so, and longed for his coming again!"

"It is because you are changed so much that he does not remember you; you were very little when you parted; he replied her mamma. 'You will always be together now, and know and love each other as before.'"

"But it was always grieves me to think that he forgot me!" sobbed Charlotte.

"Did you never forget a friend?"

"I think not, mamma."

"Who is your best friend—the ever-blessed, loving Friend, who died for you?"

"Jesus Christ, the Saviour."

"Did you never forget Him?"

"Oh, yes! often."

"And yet He loves you far more than you love your brother. How your forgetfulness must grieve Him!"

Before the throne of glory Christ remembers us from day to day. Shall we then forget Him who ever intercedes for us? —Evangelist.

A TOUCH OF THE WHIP.

I noticed, when once riding on the top of a stage-coach, that the driver, at certain points on the road, gave one of his forward horses a slight touch of his whip. And, as the horses were going a fair pace, I asked him why he did it. He replied that that horse had been in the habit of starting and shivering at something seen or imagined at those places, and a touch of the whip, just before arriving there, gave him something to think of, so that he passed by without noticing what had before startled him.

And it is too much to believe that He who is conducting many sons and daughters to glory, notices all the perilous points they pass; and, when the case requires it, directs their thoughts and passions from dangerous directions, by giving them such things to think of as will break the force of temptation, and secure them from wandering? A sad bereavement, a bitter disappointment, a serious illness, a pecuniary loss, as the hour of temptation is at hand, is the touch of the whip. It awakens serious thought. It drives the soul to prayer. It dims the false brightness of things earthly, and gives freest vividness and power to things heavenly and eternal; so that, under such spiritual influences, the points of danger are safely passed, and the rest of life's journey is traveled all the more safely, and the prospects of heaven are made all the brighter. —Congregationalist.

A SWEET ANSWER.—A little boy and girl, each five years old, were playing by the roadside. The boy became angry at something, and struck the girl a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry.

The boy stood looking on, a minute, and then said:

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Katie; I am sorry."

The little girl's face brightened instantly. The sobs were hushed, and she said:

"Well, if you are sorry, it don't hurt me." —Ladies Repository.

A Wisconsin farmer, having tried to sell his place that he might go West, failed to do so, and finally concluded that he did not want to sell, for the following reasons: They had good roads, all county improvements were made, churches were built, and first-rate schools in operation; the orchard bore abundantly, and there were neighbors who knew him and trusted him. There are many other people rovingly inclined who would do well to look at the case from this point of view.

A Peoria man arose the morning after a storm, and found his dog-kennel buried under a drift as high as a church. He worked half an hour to dig his dog out, and then went down and told his clerks what he had done, and added, "a merciful man is merciful to his beasts." But after he left home the neighbors saw his wife and daughter shoveling out paths through the snow, and carrying in coal.

A sensation preacher, assuming a dramatic attitude, exclaimed, in a startling, agonizing tone, "What is that I see there?" Here a little old woman in black cried out, in a shrill, tremulous tone: "It's nothing but my little black dog; he won't bite anybody."

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 1, 9, 4, is a carnivorous animal.
My 10, 2, 7, 4, is a religious rite.
My 6, 8, 10, 5, is a great river.
My 8, 3, 7, is an accommodation to travelers.

My whole is looked forward to with great anxiety.

Answer to last week's Enigma:—Have faith in God.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SUNDAY-MORNING.
BY CLARA J. LOOMIS.

O, blessings on the water cure!
Refreshment, cool, abundant, pure;
That cleanses from the grime, and soil,
And dingles from the week-day toil,
I ever in the healthful flood,
And think mean while of Jesus' blood,
For mortal stains. O, in His sight,
To-day may I be clean and white.

Before the looking-glass I stand,
And brush long tresses through my hand;
The mirror, with no flaw nor crack,
A faithful copy answers back;
O, that I might without defect
My Saviour's image thus reflect;
Not with distorted, fabled show,
But true enough for all to know.

Come, and clean, externally,
I've often, always longed to be;
But do I care to be, meanwhile,
Inwardly fair and free from guile?
But yesterday I saw some lace
I wanted more than Christian grace!
Or some insignia of wealth,
Desired far more than moral health!

I think the enemy comes in
Sometimes, with childish tricks thus;
And we, of guard, and unawares,
Fall into such transparent snares.
O, shame! Sad, sorry shame, that I
Should forget my calling high!
Forgive, forget, O Saviour dear,
The pitfalls that I come so near.

Now be the garments fresh and clean,
Seemly and plain, to worship in;
It does not matter what the dress,
So I have Jesus' righteousness;
Swift to discern, and sure to find
Kernels of truth, and seeds of good
Presented for the spirit's food;
And may this Sabbath morn draw me
Solemnly, sweetly, nearer Thee.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

NUMBER FIVE.
BY MRS. T. B. BARRINGER.

O, for money! money! the household
cries, as she looks at her white
parlor walls, and compares them, men-
tally, with the picture-covered ones of
her neighbor. O, for money! she says,
as she sees the bare mantel, and re-
members the lovely vases she priced a
few ago; and worse than all, it is for
money she cries, when, with a sinking
heart, she is obliged to look at the fast
decreasing and almost empty larder.
In the latter case money is a necessity;
but if one has ingenuity and taste, a
very little money will go a great
ways towards supplying the first needs,
or luxuries, as perhaps some would
style them.

Did you ever see a crystallized cross,
and did you wonder how it was made?
I dare say you thought it came from the
show window of some store, and asked
no question. It is a beautiful mantel
ornament, and can be made for a mere
song. First, get John or James to
make a wooden cross, not more than
eight inches high, with a standard to
it, of course. Wind this with bleached
woolen yarn. Get a pound of alum,
put it into a tin basin, set it on the stove,
and add water enough gradually to dis-
solve nearly all of it. There must be
water enough in the basin to cover the
cross, and the alum must not all be
dissolved, so you can judge how much
you will need. If it is strong as usual,
a pound will be a great sufficiency.
When the water is ready, and only
lukewarm, lay the cross in, face
downwards, and keep it under water
(being careful that it does not touch the
bottom or sides) by laying two forks
across it, or any weight that will not sink
it. Let it remain for two days; then
take it out, and if every spot is not cov-
ered with crystallized alum (it probably
will be, if the directions are closely fol-
lowed), prepare more alum and water,
and repeat the process, taking care
that the water is a little cooler (not
cold) the second time than the first.
Old soiled vases, wound with woolen
yarn, and prepared in the same way,
will be joy to your eyes for a long time
afterwards.

Again, Spatter work pictures are
quite as cheap, and very pretty, only
they must have good frames, or they
are spoiled. Get the thickest kind of
Bristol board, cut it into the desired
shape and size, and tack it to a pine
board. Then, for one style, cut out the
letters, C-A-S-T T-H-Y, and pin them
on, near the top of the paper, in rain-
bow shape; then cut an anchor of pa-
per, and pin it under the letters in the
center of the paper; then cut the let-
ters, I-N H-E-A-V-E-N, and pin them
under the anchor, in a reversed rainbow.
After this is done, get a fresh vine, some
branches, ferns, or leaves, and place
them on the paper, either forming a
wreath around the rest, or irregularly,
with the vine twining around the an-
chor, being careful to put a pin through
each leaf, thus fastening it securely to
the board. When everything is ready,
get a fine tooth comb (not too fine
however) a tooth brush, and some black
ink. Hold the comb over the paper,
dip the brush in the ink, and rub it
back and forth over it. You will see
how it operates, and can shade it to
suit yourself. Let it dry, and then re-
move the two hundred pins, the letters,
etc., and you will have the motto,
"Cast thy anchor in heaven." A cross
pinned in the center, with a wreath of
ferns and rose leaves around it, is beau-
tiful. When you have made one, your
fancy will suggest many different
styles. A piece of spatter work is

pretty, for a birth-day present, and even,
if one is rich, it is well to know how to
do such fancy work. Some affectionate
hearts prize the work of loving hands
more than the spending of many dol-
lars.

A fancy way of making a watch case,
and a very simple one, is to cut the
case out of black cloth, making one or
two pockets in it, as you like, and then
crocheting an edge around it with
scarlet zephyr, making holes through
the cloth for the needle with a stiletto.
I have one made in this way, for two
watches, and every one thinks it is
crocheted into shape.

Obituaries.

Mrs. MARY G. WETHERBEE, relict
of Jonathan Wetherbee, formerly of
Dexter, Me., and mother of Rev. S. F.
Wetherbee, of the Maine Conference,
died in Harvard, March 26, 1874, aged
89 years and 2 months.

Soon after her marriage she removed
from Massachusetts to Dexter, at that
time almost an unbroken wilderness.
Soon after, her husband, who was a
strong Universalist, was soundly con-
verted under the labors of Rev. E. F.
Newell, and joined the Methodist
Episcopal Church, of which he contin-
ued a consistent member till his death,
in 1860. She was at first bitterly op-
posed to this change in her husband,
but his earnest, gentle piety deeply im-
pressed her heart, and under the faith-
ful labors of Rev. John Sawyer, a Con-
gregationalist missionary at that time
laboring in the wilds of Maine, she sought
and found the Saviour, and became a
member of the Congregational Church,
and continued such till her death.

Possessing naturally much energy of
character and great love for reading,
her piety was active and intelligent;
and among the poor, and at the bedside
of the sick and dying, she did the work
of the Master with a strong hand and
gentle spirit. Her home was the resting-
place of the weary minister, and many
will recall with pleasure her abun-
dant hospitality. The last twenty-five
years of her life were years of suffer-
ing and privation. Crippled by a fall,
she was deprived of the privileges
of the sanctuary; then her sight failed,
and for the last twelve years she has
been entirely blind. But none of these
things moved her. There was no mur-
muring word—no anxious fear; gentle,
patient, trusting in Jesus, she waited
her time. "Her hope held her
like an anchor." Gently, sweetly, with-
out a struggle, she passed to her
reward.

"Why weep we then for her, who having
won
The bound of man's appointed years,
Laid down her life, and left her labors done,
Serenely to her final rest has passed?
The softest of her hair, like raven's,
Lingers, like twilight tues, when the
bright sun has set." COM.

At a meeting of the Board of Trus-
tees of the Methodist Episcopal Church,
Western, B. I., held March 16, 1874,
the following action was taken:
Whereas we have heard of the removal,
by death, of our dear sister, Mrs. BETSEY
G. BENTLEY, of Norwich, Conn., therefore,
Resolved, 1. That we will cherish a grate-
ful remembrance of her noble benevolence
toward this Church.
2. That we hereby extend to our bereaved
brother, Rev. D. N. Bentley, our deepest
sympathy.
3. That a copy of these resolutions be
sent to Rev. D. N. Bentley, and also to
ZION'S HERALD for publication.
J. B. GATES, President.
G. M. SWAN, Secretary.

MISS MARY ADELAIDE YOUNG died
in Lawrence, Mass., at the residence of
her mother, March 13, aged 27 years,
after a severe illness of only a few
weeks.

She was one of two surviving chil-
dren, well trained and very respectable,
of Christian parents. Some seven years
since she embraced religion, and be-
came a member of the Methodist Epis-
copal Church, under the labors of the
pastor of Haverhill Street Metho-
dist Episcopal Church, Rev. D. C.
Knowles. Her place in the Church she
filled with honor till her death, which
she met in great peace. Her whole life
as a Christian was uniform and exem-
plary, though marked with great diffi-
culty and self-sacrifice. She was a
modest, useful and popular teacher in
our Sabbath-school, and greatly beloved
by her pupils. Her intelligence was
above the medium, being a graduate of
the State Normal School at Bridge-
port. In our Sunday-school teachers
and normal class, we have often had
occasion to notice the keenness of her
views and replies, indicating careful
and extensive reading and close think-
ing. Her widowed mother, her bereft
sister, our Church and Sabbath-school,
feel their loss; but she gains—if God
will—no place nor employment better
than earth for the pure in heart. He
evidently would retain them here; but all
His blessed attributes stand pledged to
their happy exchange of worlds when-
ever He orders it. "To die is gain."

Lawrence, Mass., April 8, 1874.

JOHN K. CLOUGH died in Cambridge-
port, Feb. 5, 1874, aged 57 years.

Brother C. was converted, and joined
the Methodist Church in London, N. H.,
at the early age of fifteen, and from
that time until his death lived a consis-
tent, devoted, Christian life, always ear-
nest and zealous in the cause of the
blessed Master, whom he so ardently
loved. On his removal to this city,
about three years since, he connected him-
self with the Harvard Street Methodist Episcopal
Church, and until laid aside by sick-
ness, was one of its most honored and
useful members, filling with fidelity and
credit the most important offices in
Church and Sabbath-school. Next to
his Saviour, his Church of his choice
was the dearest object of his affection,
and so continued to the last. His at-
tachment to his former pastors was
particularly marked, and nothing pleased
him more than to hear their names
mentioned, or read some word which
had dropped from their lips. He clung
fondly to life, although enduring at
times the most intense bodily suffering,
and until a short time before his depar-
ture cherished the hope of recovery;
but when the final summons came, it
found him prepared, and willing to ex-
change this life for the better. As death
approached, his sufferings grew less,
and peacefully and quietly he fell
asleep in Jesus.

His funeral was attended in the
church where he had so long wor-
shipped, the venerable Father Merrill,
the preacher in charge, conducting
the services in the presence of a large
congregation. Thus has passed away
from earth one of the purest souls I have
ever known. Not demonstrative, but

quiet and unassuming, of him it may be
truly said—
"None knew him but to love him."
EDWARD G. SAWYER.

E. S. ORNE died in Charlestown Dis-
trict, Boston, Feb. 7, 1874, aged 65
years.

Brother O. had been a faithful fol-
lower of the blessed Master for some
twenty-five years, ever living his re-
ligion day by day, and always ready to
do what he could to promote the inter-
ests of the Church. His sickness was
short, his death triumphant. He was
deprived of his reason the most of the
time, but when, consciously, very
happy and reconciled. He leaves
widow and four children. May the
peace of the gospel of Christ be ever
with them. SHERMAN STONE.

KIND WORDS.

The Associated Reformed Presbyterian says—
For years Perry Davis Pain-Killer has been known
as a most useful family medicine. For pains and
aches we know nothing so good as the Pain-Killer.
For many internal diseases it is equally good. We
speak from experience, and testify to what we
know. No family ought to be without a bottle of
Davis' Pain-Killer.

MRS. PERRY DAVIS, & SON, Providence, R. I.
Gentle—Although a stranger to you I am not to
your invaluable medicine, Pain-Killer. I formed
its acquaintance in 1857 and I am on most intimate
terms with it; my experience in its use confirms my
belief that there is no medicine equal to Pain-
Killer for the quick and sure cure of Summer Com-
plaints, Sore Throat, Croup, Bruises and Cuts. I
have used it in all, and found a speedy cure in every
case.

Yours Truly, T. J. GARDNER, M.D.

Judging by our own experience whenever once
made a trial of Perry Davis Pain-Killer, will not
fail to recommend it to all who are afflicted with
various other complaints. Every Month.

The efficacy of Perry Davis' world-renowned
Pain-Killer is all that can be said of it. It is
that terrible scourge, the Atlantic cholera, has been
supplied by the use of this powerful medicine.
Missionaries in China and India have written home
in commendation of this medicine in terms that
should carry conviction to every mind. Its popu-
larity in communities nearer home is ample
proof that the virtues claimed for it are real and
valuable. Among family medicines it stands un-
rivaled.—Boston Courier.

"The Saturday Evening Gazette" of Boston, says:
It is impossible to find a page on this broad land
where Perry Davis' Pain-Killer is not known as a
valuable remedy for physical pain. In the com-
munity, from physician or apothecary, the Pain-
Killer is cherished as the exclusive panacea, and
it never deceives.

"PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is really a valu-
able medicine, and, unlike most of the cheap
day's, is used by many physicians. It is par-
ticularly desirable in locations where medical aid
is not near; and, by keeping it at hand, families
will often save the necessity of sending out at mid-
night for a doctor. As a household remedy, it is
everywhere." Boston Traveller.

"We have tested the PAIN-KILLER, and assure
our readers that it not only possesses all the vir-
tues claimed for it, but in many instances surpasses
any other remedy we have ever known."—Herald
of Gospel Liberty.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.
BOSTON, Dec. 12, 1869.

Gentlemen—My only object in giving you this
testimonial is to spread valuable information.
Having been badly afflicted with rheumatism,
the whole surface of my skin being covered with
blisters and eruptions, and my system in a
great pain and agony, and knowing it to be a
blood disease, I took many remedies, but with-
out success, until I procured a bottle of VEGETINE,
and commenced taking it. The first effect was
that I felt better, and my skin began to clear
up, and I felt more comfortable. I continued
to take it until I had taken seven bottles, when I
was cured of my rheumatism, and my skin was
entirely free from blisters and eruptions. I
have never enjoyed so good health before, and I
attribute it all to the use of VEGETINE. To benefit
others, I have written this testimonial, and make
mention also of the VEGETINE's wonderful power of
curing me of this terrible complaint, of which I have
suffered so long.

C. H. TUCKER, Pas. Agt. Mich. C. R. R.,
20 Tyler Street, Boston.

HAS ENTIRELY CURED ME.
BOSTON, October, 1870.

MR. H. B. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—My daughter after having a severe at-
tack of whooping cough, was left in a feeble state
of health. Being advised by a friend, she procured
the VEGETINE, and after using a few bottles, was fully
restored to health.
I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism,
and have taken several bottles of VEGETINE for
this complaint, and am happy to say it has entirely
cured me. I have recommended the VEGETINE
to others, with the same good result. It is a great
cleanser and purifier of the blood; it is pleasant
to take; and I can cheerfully recommend it.
JAMES MORSE, 364 Athens Street.

NO TROUBLE SINCE USING
VEGETINE.
CHARLESTOWN, October, 1870.

This certifies that my daughter has always been
troubled with a humor, which has caused frequent
swelling on her face and about her eyes. Physic-
ians called the trouble erysipelas, and have given
her many bottles of the VEGETINE, and she has taken
two bottles of the VEGETINE, and she is now
troubled with it since. Charles Town, Mass.

DR. DE-KEE says: "It is unnecessary for me to
annunciate the disease for which the VEGETINE
should be used. I know of no disease which will not
relieve of the use of this good medicine. It is an
invaluable remedy in cases of rheumatism, neural-
gia, and all the diseases caused by impure blood.
It is a great cleanser and purifier of the blood, and
it is pleasant to take. I have recommended it
to others, with the same good result. It is a great
cleanser and purifier of the blood; it is pleasant
to take; and I can cheerfully recommend it."
JAMES MORSE, 364 Athens Street.

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GINGER TEA.

Let the grandmothers of to-day pass a bowl of
Ginger Tea, made from this tea, and sugar and
cream.

It restores color and faded hair to its youthful
color. It removes all eruptions, itching, and dandruff,
and restores the hair to its natural color and
growth. By its tonic properties it restores the capil-
lary glands to their normal vigor, preventing bald-
ness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.
And, finally, nothing has been found so effective
or desirable.

Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts,
says of it: "I consider it the best preparation for its
intended purposes."

Buckingham's Dye,
FOR THE WHISKERS.

This elegant preparation may be relied on to
change the color of the beard from gray or any
other undesirable shade, to brown, or black, at dis-
cretion. It is easily applied, being in one prepara-
tion, and quickly and effectively produces a perma-
nent color, which will neither rub nor wash off.

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and an article of true merit, when once used, the
value of the Troches is appreciated, and they are
used as a household remedy, to be used in season.
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Troches have proved their efficacy. For sale every-
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and made into the latest style. Up one
night. Spring styles now ready.

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The wonderful efficacy with which this combi-
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AND CURATIVE EXHIBENTS
HEALS THE MOST VIOLENT
SORES AND ULCERS
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and use it and prescribe it in their practice.

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burns.

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CARBOLIC SALVE removes pimples and blotches.
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Salves, Ointments or other Healing Compounds,
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TION AND HAS A LARGER SALE than any
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Cures
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By H. R. PALMER.

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